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# THE ROTARIAN

The Magazine of Service



JULY 1926 - 25 CENTS

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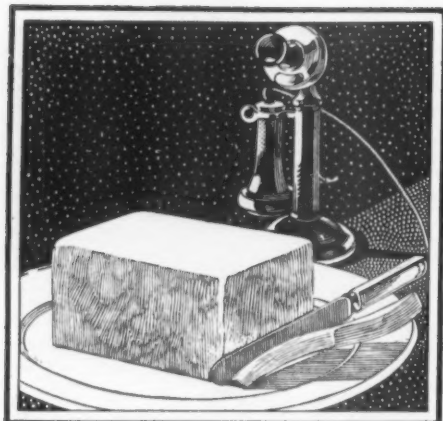
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*Business slumped*  
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\$ 67,000

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speeded up, how slumps may be prevented in advance by telephone? Have you organized your telephone resources? Have your important men been trained in the essentials of telephone selling and buying? If business should slow down, do you know how long it would take to establish telephone contact with your important customers in every state in the Union?

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# The ROTARIAN

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**HARRY H. ROGERS**

*San Antonio, Texas, U. S. A.*

*President of Rotary International—1926-1927*

## *A Message to All Rotarians*

**Y**OUR President thanks you for the honor conferred and challenges each one of you to give Rotary the best you have this year. Through increased fellowship and friendship let us work for greater accomplishment than during any year of our development and prepare ourselves to meet our fellows at Ostend next year in the true spirit of Rotary.

May the private life of each Rotarian and his conduct in his business or profession be such as to challenge the confidence and respect of all those who come in contact with him, and may we at all times honestly endeavor to advance the Six Objects of Rotary by putting over the whole pro-

gram of Rotary education, business methods, boys work, and community service.

Let us also keep in mind extension in existing clubs and in communities where there are no clubs. If Rotary lives and functions properly in the future, it must continue to grow.

Lastly, let us keep in mind the fact that there is a great responsibility resting upon each one and let us endeavor this year to advance a little farther toward the goal of Rotary—world peace.

*Harry H. Rogers*

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1926-1927

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The New Zealand delegation to the Pacific Rotary Conference. Third from left (seated) is Charles Rhodes, former vice-president, Rotary International.

# Pacific Spells Peace

## *A Brief Report of the Pacific Rotary Conference*

*By George T. Armitage*

**T**HE first Pacific Rotary Conference in Honolulu in May is now a matter of history—but pleasant memories of that epochal meeting will linger for a long time.

Over 400—433 to be exact—official delegates attended, including members of the Hilo and Honolulu clubs, and their ladies, the registration being almost equally divided between the visitors and their hosts in Hawaii. Practically the entire Pacific area was represented by delegates from New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines, China, Japan, Canada, and the United States.

The largest delegations came from the Antipodes, and from the mainland United States, many of the Rotarians from New Zealand and Australia continuing on to the international convention at Denver in June. In fact, it is believed that the Pacific Rotary Conference acted as a very stimulating influence for the larger affair, not only in starting more Rotarians in that direction but also by interesting them

more keenly in the purposes and problems of Rotary.

The Conference proper continued at the headquarters in the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach for three days, May 25,

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**"THIS** Pacific Rotary Conference far exceeded the most enthusiastic expectations. Great good should result from the meetings, for here in Honolulu—truly a Paradise—friendships between men of many nations were made by those coming from several countries bordering on the Pacific. Such conferences as that just held will go far towards making possible the accomplishment of Rotary's ultimate goal—international friendship and peace."  
—Everett Hill, past president, Rotary International.

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26, 27, and the weather man who is usually particularly kind to Hawaii seemed to exert himself especially for the Conference. The time was very appropriate for springtime is the most beautiful season in Hawaii, with long avenues of the gorgeous pink shower trees turned into veritable bowers, and the brilliant crimson poinciana regia, the golden shower, the lavender jackaranda and the oleander, hibiscus, purple bougainvillea and many other blossoms all donning their brightest frocks for the occasion.

Besides delving very determinedly into the serious work and precepts of Rotary, the visiting delegates gave themselves willingly to the proverbial Hawaiian hospitality of the host clubs. They were bedecked with flower leis (wreaths) on arrival; they toured, and swam, heard the entrancing music of Hawaii, rode the surf in outrigger canoes; saw a kaleidoscopic Dance of All Nations, a good indication of the diversified population of Hawaii; banqueted and danced; visited the other islands and the volcanic wonders,



W. C. McGonagle, of Honolulu, Chairman, Pacific Rotary Conference.

and Harold Cohen, president of the Melbourne Club.

Harold Cohen incidentally made one of the most popular talks of the whole session when at the Model Rotary luncheon he spoke on "Rotary Philosophy."

"I do not know much about philosophy," he explained, "but my idea is that this Rotary philosophy is just a matter of ordinary common-sense; getting acquainted with your neighbor and doing the right thing by him."

The Philippines was represented by Walter Beam of Manila; China by Louis Holman of Tientsin; Japan by Shunichiro Midzushima of Tokyo; and Canada by Howard Boothe of Vancouver. In addition to Howard Boothe there were other delegates from the First District, including representatives from Washington, also from a number of eastern states. From the second district, of which Hawaii is a part, at the head of a large delegation came both the governor, Tom Bridges of Oakland, and the newly nominated governor, Fred McClung of Huntington Park, California.

The Honorable Wallace R. Farrington, very active governor of Hawaii, and Rotarian, struck the keynote of the whole conference when he welcomed the delegates "to a friendly outpost of a friendly nation."

One of the most surprising features of Hawaii, and an appropriate object

lesson to all Rotary, which visitors continually remarked upon, was the wide variety of nationalities and race combinations living harmoniously and happily in Hawaii.

W. C. "Mac" McGonagle of Honolulu, who had charge of all local arrangements for the conference and who was appointed chairman of the conference, found his big job made particularly easy by the friendliness and the earnestness displayed by the delegates. Horace Johnson, president of the Honolulu Club, who opened the conference and presided at the luncheon and banquet, won his audience with able management that didn't overlook the spice of humor.

Carl S. Carlsmith of the Hilo club, who had been appointed secretary of the conference, assisted by a competent staff, and with willing cooperation of the visiting delegates, found smooth sailing.

Practically every member of the Honolulu Club had been enlisted months before the conference in the manifold details of arrangements and preparation, and the conference details and entertainment and reception program proceeded without a hitch. This was particularly gratifying, considering it was the first conference Honolulu Rotarians had attempted.

Of the great good which will come out of the Pacific Conference one could write indefinitely but probably all who

(Continued on page 43)

and then they were again guests of the Hilo Club. They learned much about Rotary, had a good time with it all, saw a great deal of interest in the islands, made many new friends in the Pacific, got acquainted as they were never acquainted before, and the general wish expressed was "Let's do it again."

The high type of delegates who attended was marked. The ranking Rotarian present, and official representative of Rotary International, was Everett Hill, immediate past president. Then there was Charles Rhodes, prominent New Zealander and past director of Rotary International, also Peter Barr, newly nominated governor of the New Zealand district. Australia sent more than its share of club presidents—past, present, and no doubt future—including Fred Birks, immediate past president of the Sydney Club,

The delegation from the United States Rotary Clubs on the Pacific Coast, headed by District Governor Tom Bridges, shown in the center of the leibedecked crowd.



# Rotary and Its Founder

## *The Story of a Man and a Movement*

By Paul P. Harris, LL.B., Ph. B.

Founder of the First Rotary Club and President Emeritus  
of Rotary International

LAST month there was presented the first instalment of the autobiography of Paul P. Harris, founder of Rotary. Institutions, it is said, are nothing but the lengthened shadows of men. Men in turn are the products of their environment, their heredity. What we learn of these factors enables us to understand, to some extent at least, how the man came to be what he is.

In the first instalment President Emeritus Harris told of his childhood, in Wisconsin and his boyhood under the guidance of his grandparents, Howard Harris and Pamela Harris, in Vermont; also of his family and education; of the unruliness which occasionally got him into trouble, and of the urge to experiment in life's laboratory. That desire made him resolve to spend five years in studying life at first hand once his law studies were ended. When the five years were up he would settle down to law practice in Chicago. This instalment tells the story of those eventful five years.—THE EDITORS.

SAN FRANCISCO had occupied a position in Paul's mind, second in interest only to Chicago of all Western cities.

Paul has his college friend, Robert Johnson, to thank for his introduction to newspaper work. Robert was unusually capable and ever ready to lend a helping hand. Through his influence and guidance Paul obtained a position on the *Chronicle* reportorial staff. Robert was at the time covering the hotels for the *Examiner*. The newspaper business was very slow in San Francisco and the city was full of capable Eastern newspaper men who had drifted to the coast, moved principally by the spirit of adventure. The *Chronicle*, then owned by M. H. De Young, had a long list of reporters working without fixed salary. They were paid by the column for material considered of sufficient news value for publication and three dollars for every assignment covered. The men who had been longest with

the paper were given first call on assignments and there were seldom enough to go around. This meant hard times for the recent arrivals unless they were capable of picking up their own stuff and that was not an easy thing even for experienced newspaper men to do in a strange city. There were at the time reporters of extraordinary ability who could get their column or more on their first day in a strange city. Robert Johnson was one. The writer has known him to accomplish this feat in several cities including New York, and when that city was full of

the best newspaper men thoroughly acquainted with the metropolis.

Paul fared better than some of the more experienced men but times were hard and there was little indication of improvement. While discussing prospects with a number of other reporters one night in the Palace Hotel, he chanced to hear one of them, Harry C. Pulliam, formerly of Louisville, Kentucky, who also was occupying a position near the tail end of the *Chronicle* staff, say that he had come west for the purpose of seeing California. This was the same Harry Pulliam who later became president of the National Baseball League.

Paul knew Harry to be a fine fellow and his words were sweet music in the ears of the former, who had been looking for a chum stirred by the spirit of adventure; he therefore proposed that they work their way through the state together. The suggestion was immediately accepted and within three days the two were working at manual labor on the fruit ranch of Frank Buck in Vaca Valley. After making a "stake" at that place, they gave up their jobs with the object of treating themselves to a three-hundred-mile tramp through the mountains of California, including the Yosemite Valley. Paul was taken ill of malaria in Stockton but recovered his strength during the first day's tramp in the mountains. He was in his element again.

The camping outfits consisted of woollen blankets, provisions, a coffee-pot, frying-pan, and some standard literature.



Howard Harris—The Grandfather

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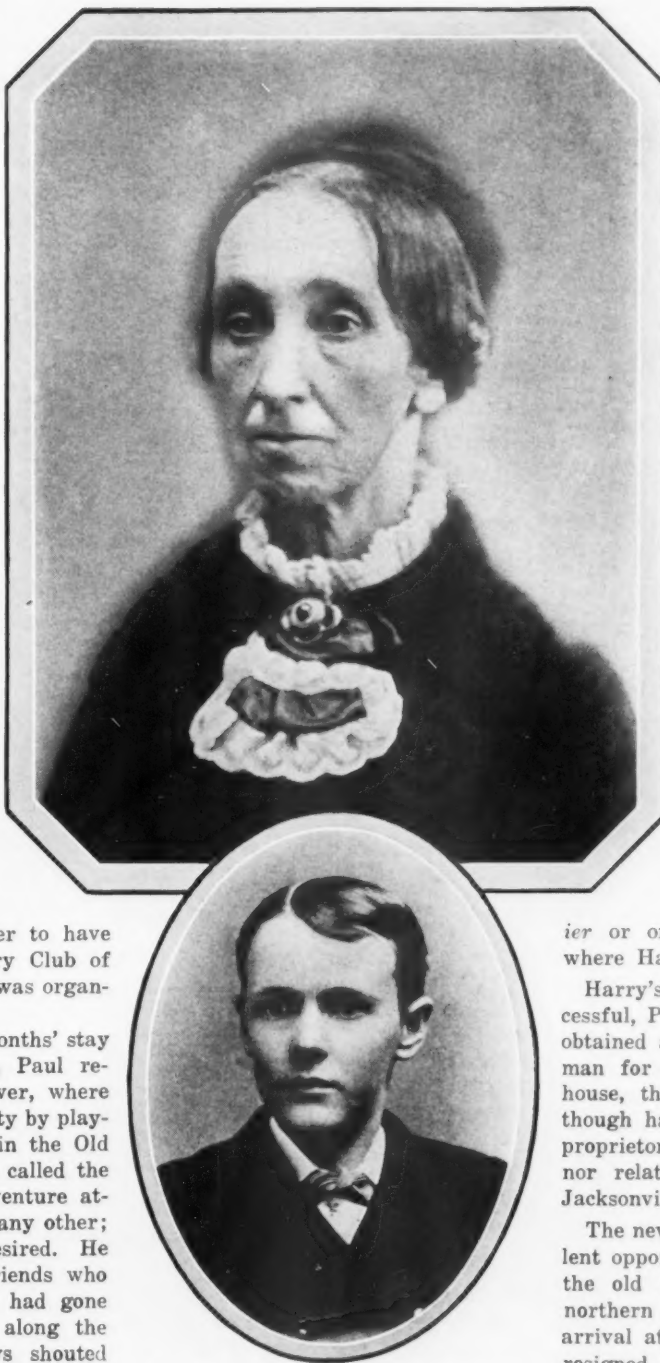
From the Calaveras big trees, a trek was begun across the trailless mountain ranges. They hoped to see the Hetch Hetchy and Kings River Canyon *en route* to the Yosemite. As might have been expected, the amateur woodsmen lost their way in crossing the divides which separated the valleys of the various branches of the Tuolumne, Merced, and Stanislaus rivers. For some days they wandered, but fortunately came to human habitation soon after their supplies had run out. They reached the Yosemite eventually but missed the other two famous valleys.

Their next engagement was in the raisin-packing industry in Fresno. From there they went to Los Angeles where after failure to secure a position with a newspaper, Paul became a teacher in the Los Angeles Business College, incidentally one of the first institutions later to have representation in the Rotary Club of Los Angeles when that club was organized in 1908.

After completing a nine-months' stay in the State of California, Paul returned as far east as Denver, where he demonstrated his versatility by playing in a stock company in the Old Fifteenth Street—sometimes called the Peoples—theater. This adventure attracted more publicity than any other; in fact, far more than he desired. He received letters from old friends who apparently thought that he had gone wrong; and as he walked along the streets of Denver, newsboys shouted at him the name of the part which he happened to be playing. As a matter of fact, Paul had no more intention of remaining on the stage than he had of remaining for any length of time at any of the other occupations by which he sustained himself during the, to him, eventful five years.

He soon managed to get a position on the reportorial staff of the *Rocky Mountain News*, where he remained until he was fortunate enough to be permitted to taste the life of a cowboy on a ranch near Platteville, Colorado.

He remained at this occupation for some months, riding the range alone frequently for days at a time searching for stray cattle. Returning to Denver, he obtained employment on the *Denver Republican* where he met some



Paul P. Harris, aged fourteen. Above—Mrs. Pamela Harris, the grandmother.

of his old San Francisco friends drifting back eastward.

Florida was another land of romance which appealed to the young traveler and his next jump was to Jacksonville, to which city he traveled on a pass. His first position in the southern city was that of night clerk at the St. James, the best tourist hotel in Jacksonville at that time.

Paul found the hotel business rather prosaic and he soon left to take a position as traveling salesman for George W. Clark who dealt in marble and granite of which Paul had gained a slight knowledge while working for the Shel-

don Marble Company. George Clark was destined to have a marked influence on the life of the wanderer. He was only a few years older. Employer and employee soon became fast friends. Years later George organized and became first president of the Jacksonville Rotary Club.

Paul traveled in the interest of George's business in Florida, thus learning something of the State. On March 1, 1893, he resigned his position and departed for Washington to witness the ceremonies in connection with the inauguration of Grover Cleveland as President of the United States. While in Washington he obtained temporary employment on the *Star*. After the inauguration he went to Louisville, Kentucky, in the hope that his old friend Harry Pulliam might be able to get him a permanent position on the *Cour-*

*ier* or on the *Louisville Commercial* where Harry was telegraph editor.

Harry's efforts proving to be unsuccessful, Paul made application for and obtained a position as traveling salesman for another marble and granite house, that of James A. Clark. Although having the same surname, the proprietor was neither connected with nor related to George W. Clark of Jacksonville.

The new position gave Paul an excellent opportunity to learn something of the old South—Kentucky, Tennessee, northern Georgia, and Virginia. On arrival at Norfolk, Virginia, he again resigned and took the boat for Philadelphia with the intention of finding some way to cross the ocean. While in Philadelphia, he read much in the newspapers concerning the World's Fair in Chicago with the result that his interest in that city was greatly augmented. He resolved to visit the Fair after crossing the ocean.

HE soon found in the want-ad column of a Philadelphia paper a notice that cattlemen were wanted by a Baltimore house making a shipment to England on a boat of British registry, named the "Baltimore."

Before dawn the following day, the "Baltimore" was ploughing the seas and the young man who aspired to learn something of the practical side of



The home of the grandparents in Wallingford, Vermont, where Paul spent his boyhood days.

In oval—Fay Stafford, the red-headed boy of the Vermont hills.



life was on board, a duly enrolled cattleman.

Pen could not describe the hardships of that first voyage; the privation and suffering was unbelievable. The seas were rough and the boat had the reputation of being the worst boat of the worst line in the trans-Atlantic service. In this experience, Paul learned much of the need of human sympathy which greatly affected his own life and indirectly the life of Rotary. Without this experience, he never could have believed that human beings could sink so low. After being tossed about for fourteen days, the "Baltimore" entered the Mersey and the cattlemen were soon landed in Liverpool.

The first day on shore, the men were so exhausted that they could do nothing except sleep; but youth has wonderful, recuperative power, and Paul and a new-found friend soon had the supreme satisfaction of gazing at the wonders of a great city in a strange land. They walked in all directions about the city and into the suburbs. He would have been surprised indeed had some occult power then informed him that within a few years he would direct the organization of a club in Liverpool which would wield an important influence in the life of that British city. The stay was all too brief. They were soon "signed on" before the mast as is the custom with returning cattlemen.

Paul was sorely disappointed in not being able to see London and he resolved to endure the hardships necessarily incident to another voyage across in order to effectuate his purpose.

The return to Baltimore was made in

the "Parkmore," another boat of the same line. It was not quite so bad as the "Baltimore" but certainly could not be said to be even fairly good. Neither vessel provided mattresses, blankets, nor eating utensils for the cattlemen. An alleged food which is known to the British seamen as "scouse" was served three times a day. It is composed mostly of potato and water, though on occasion, small fragments of meat are added. "Scouse" and mouldy sea biscuit constituted the principal food. Both ships were infested with vermin and when the sea was rough, vast quantities of water washed aboard deluging the cattlemen from morning to night. Lack of food of nutritive value, vermin, and constant immersions in cold salt water made the lives of the cattlemen anything but attractive.

Paul learned from some of the old-timers that a few boats of the other lines, carrying cattle, were reasonably good. The Atlantic Transportation Company, an American line, was mentioned with particular favor. One of the old sailors had crossed on the "Michigan" of that line and he spoke highly of its appointments.

ON arrival at Baltimore, Paul asked the shipper for another trip and was abruptly refused—no men were needed. Later in the day, Paul was surprised to be hailed by the same person who saw him in the distance. On Paul's approaching the shipper said: "Is your name Harris?" On being answered in the affirmative he said. "Well, young man you can get a job with us any time you want one; Billy Graham, the foreman, says that you are

the best man who ever crossed the ocean with him."

The compliment was more gratifying to Paul than any he had ever received. It gave him much happiness to think that he had really been able to make good in such an undertaking. He had tried to be alert, watchful, and helpful under all circumstances and his efforts had been appreciated.

Another boat was about to sail but Paul was not looking for an opportunity to repeat his experience with that particular line; he preferred to wait.

It was haying time and Paul resolved to go into the country to work while waiting an opportunity to sail under reasonably favorable conditions. He had never worked in a hay field but had heard much about it in Vermont and he wanted the experience. He walked to Elicott City and soon found work in a hay field in that locality. It was heavy work and called for the exercise of muscles which he had not been accustomed to use, but he did the best he could, scanning the newspapers for reports of sailings whenever he had opportunity to see them. To his delight he soon learned that the "Michigan" was about to sail. He returned at once to Baltimore, made application to the

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# This Business of Being a Father

By Strickland Gillilan



Photo: Anne Shriber, N. Y.

*"Every time we look at our boy or girl we are amazed that such children should have been born to us."*

THERE is no expression truer or more trite; and none whose meaning is less comprehended, than "The boy of today is the man of tomorrow." That clear-eyed fellow you met in business or at luncheon and regard as the embodiment of steadiness and dependability and civic righteousness — that very fellow had his parents scared green a few short years ago. He was the boy of yesterday. There are at least ten chances to one that if you prove yourself even halfway a good parent, that gawky boy of yours who keeps you uneasy and on the ragged edge of heart failure day and night—especially night—will be the steady-eyed business or professional man of tomorrow; and that those who meet him will not be able to believe anybody was ever foolish enough to worry about him and his future.

The man of today is the boy of yesterday. Maybe it would be still clearer if you were to paraphrase another saying and put it "This man is the boy you worried about yesterday."

There are two kinds of a father a fellow can be: The worst possible, who makes a success of his children by the horrible-example route; and the best possible who works without ceasing at the job; who knows what to say and when and—most important of all—what not to say and when. The average man is not sufficiently self-sacrificing to decide cold-bloodedly to be a villain for

the sake of illustrating to his son what not to be; and besides that, the plan is impracticable. If it were carried to its logical conclusion, the son himself would be that sort of father to show his son what not to be—it is absurd enough now, without carrying the thought any further. So the only plan is to be just as good fathers as we know how.

The average man I have met is eager to talk about his boy; not only through the usual human vanity and the usual feeling among parents that they invented children and that the previous attempts of the Almighty to populate the earth had been nothing but experiments and rehearsals—not only because of that dominant and necessary parental quality, but because he is anxious

to be the best father possible within his limitations, and is eager to learn what mistakes he is making and how to correct those and avoid others. It is his boy he is anxious about. He would like to retain his prestige and dignity and authority and carry through his bluff, but he is more eager to make a success of the boy. He is ready to sacrifice anything of his own, to give up the hope of keeping up a front, if by surrendering some of his vanities he can make more of a success of his boy.

The average father who likes to chum around with his boy—ever watch him? Especially if the boy be sixteen or more, that father is the finest

combination of pride and meekness you ever witnessed. He has on his face a look which says, "This is my son, dog-gone it, and you gotta like him. If you knew him, you would! Darn it, you'd better, if you want to keep my friendship."

There is also a look on the father's face of one whose every bluff has been called, but who is game in spite of it—a glutton for punishment.

Lord, how I love a father like that! One who has the hardihood and the grace to submit his own son and their relationships to the inspection of other men who are in the same fix and who know exactly how much and how little it all means: How much of responsibility and how little of sheer glory.

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# The Quality of Service

*As Exemplified by Rosendo—Jungle Guide*

*By Charles Francis Stocking*

**W**E had arrived in the crumbling Spanish town of Simiti, in Colombia, South America, and were preparing to plunge into the jungle in search of the lost and forgotten gold mines of the *conquistadores*. And we needed a guide.

Somehow Rosendo learned of it, and he came at once. His prompt offer of service did not impress me then; now that I am a Rotarian it does.

Nor did I learn where he came from, although someone said he had been cutting sugar cane across the lake. I thought afterward he must have come straight from heaven—but that was when I had begun to realize that he was destined to affect my life profoundly.

I remember as yesterday, though years crowd in between, the long form that slowly rose until it towered over me when I entered the hot, dirty little room where he was waiting. Somehow it makes me think of gaunt Abraham Lincoln, rising to meet the white man's need. I remember, too, his question: "What can I do for you, *Senor*?" Not, mind you: "How much will you pay me?" or: "On what grounds can I claim exemption?" but as if he had said: "You are in need; how can I serve you?" It struck me as odd, very odd.

But I made quick reply—though now the brazen commercialism of it shames me! I explained that we had come to the jungle in search of gold. I did not moralize on the great nation that had foundered there upon the same insidious lust. The mesmeric spell was still strong upon me, though its grace was now short.

"I will take you to gold mines, *Senor*," he said, simply.

The words fell like rain upon parched fields; I had come thousands of miles, through exhausting hardships, to hear them. But the hope they stimulated was choked by the noxious weeds of suspicion. I had dealt much with men, and knew their sordid ways. But, first, did this black fellow own the mines to which he was so blithe to lead us? No. Who then? No one; they were ours by complying with the laws. I laughed aloud at his simplicity—the fool.

His own features lighted in a smile. I failed utterly to note the rare meaning in it. Oh, there was gold up there in plenty, he said. He and his fore-

bears, generations gone, had worked the mines, and he knew.

I sat eyeing him keenly. Hope and distrust battled sore for control. If he indeed spoke truth, what fell trap was he setting for us? Would he not do what any shrewd Yankee would have instantly done, and what had immediately occurred to me, hurry on ahead, acquire titles to the mineral lands, and then "hold us up, good and plenty"? Why, that would be only good American business!

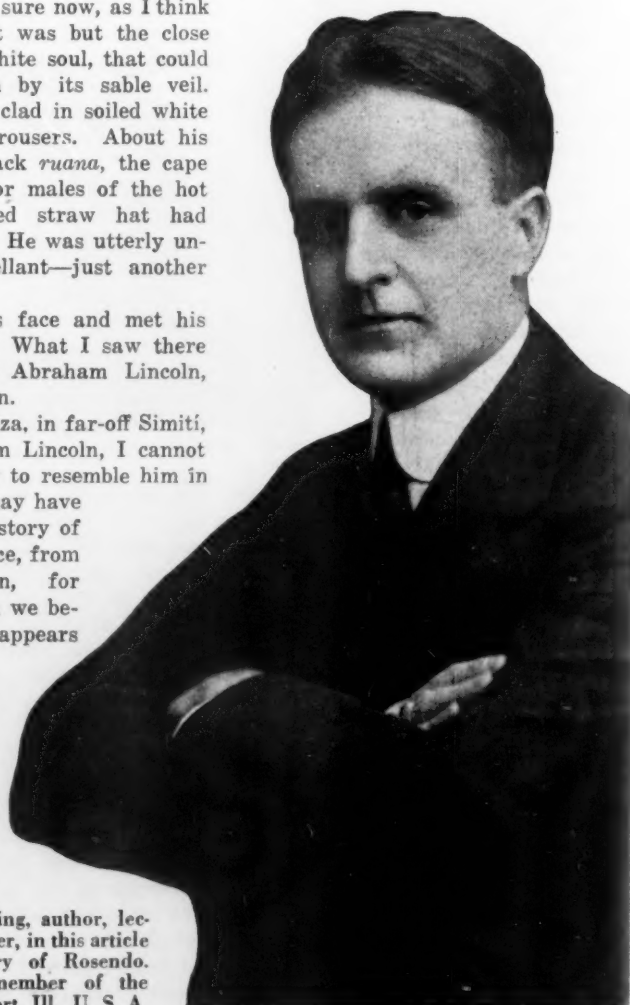
"The gold lies along the Tigui," he resumed, taking the pencil and pad gently from my hand and tracing a hasty sketch.

**M**Y eyes followed his fingers. How black they were and how long and thick! His hand—yes, his bare feet, too—were mottled with splotches of dirty white, as if the black had been eaten away. I am sure now, as I think back on it, that it was but the close proximity of his white soul, that could not remain hidden by its sable veil. His tall form was clad in soiled white cotton shirt and trousers. About his shoulders lay a black *ruana*, the cape affected by the poor males of the hot lands. His battered straw hat had fallen to the floor. He was utterly unprepossessing—repellant—just another ignorant peon—

I looked into his face and met his great brown eyes. What I saw there reminded me that Abraham Lincoln, too, was born a peon.

How Rosendo Ariza, in far-off Simiti, learned of Abraham Lincoln, I cannot say. How he grew to resemble him in so many respects may have resulted, as in the story of the Great Stone Face, from long contemplation, for what we dwell upon we become. And this appears more remarkable when we try to sense the awful limitations of this black man, whose parents had worn the shackles of the Spanish oppressor, and across whose

eyes, when first they opened to the world in the dripping jungle of Guamoco, fell the shadow of human slavery. Oftimes at night, in the echoing solitudes of the great forest, his thought would dwell on the sufferings of his people, and he would tell again, with deep sighs and quavering voice, how at break of day they were whipped from their damp beds on the ground and driven to the streams to wash out gold for their masters; how at nightfall they were herded, like cattle under the lash, back to their coarse food and hard beds; how aged slaves, and those who incurred the ready displeasure of their overseers, were chained to trees in the black depths of the jungle and left to be devoured by the ferocious ants. Yet he told this without bitterness—and I wondered why, wondered until the answer came that, unconsciously per-



Charles Francis Stocking, author, lecturer, explorer, engineer, in this article tells the strange story of Rosendo. Mr. Stocking is a member of the Rotary Club of Freeport, Ill., U. S. A.



The Church in Simiti, Colombia, South America. Rosendo's home is shown at the extreme left of the picture.

haps, the man was learning to love his enemies by realizing that, in the better way of thinking, he had none.

Rosendo came to us far in the autumn of life, and showing clearly by his gray hair, his knotted muscles, his lined features, that his journey soulward had been along a way thickly strewn with the boulders of human limitation. He came untutored and untrained by earthly masters. His sixty years had been passed in the narrow confines of Simiti and the Guamoco jungle, where there were no schools, no books, newspapers, nor magazines, where there were no doctors, lawyers, professors, nor learned moulders of human opinion. Thus was he favored by misfortune!

In these present days of warfare with self I ponder often the pregnant statement: "The sense of limitation in one form or another is the continual barrier to human progress," and I think I am aided in my understanding of it by remembering



strated the same truth by teaching himself to read and write, through long years of patient, laborious effort, and then, with these hard-won tools, slowly lifting himself above the deadening thought-environment of moldering Simiti.

We are slowly learning that discouragement comes from looking only through human eyes. Lincoln, in his log cabin, closed his eyes against the world's narrow range of vision and turned them to the limitless expanse within. He had heard and heeded the voice of the Prophet: "I carry the world in my heart," and so he said: "I will study and get ready." The getting ready made him receptive to the opportunities just at hand. So, too, Rosendo, toiling over his primer by the flickering candle, year after year, lifted the barrier of limitation and found the opportunities to express his pent soul.

And the expression came in service and song. I see now that it could not have been otherwise with a soul so pure

At left—Rosendo Ariza, native guide, whose simple career of service was enacted in dreary little Simiti and in the great Colombian jungle.



Cartagena, seacoast city of Colombia, South America, showing a section of the fortifications and the Inquisition Cells.



Three of the many pack carriers of the Charles Francis Stocking expedition into the Colombian jungle. Upon their prowess depended the successful outcome of the plunge into the jungle.

how Rosendo rose above his lowly environment. It is true, one can rise no higher than his thoughts; yet one may, if he will, lift his thought immeasurably and mount by it as a ladder. Rosendo projected his thought of Lincoln and grew into his own concept. If ever a man proved that our resources lie wholly within us, it was Abraham Lincoln. Rosendo demon-

as his. Once, at the close of a hard day on the trail, he came to our tent and shyly extended a handful of papers. I took them and held them to the candle to read. They were covered with verses, written in the man's flowing hand. I turned to him in surprise.

"They are mine, *Senor*," he offered eagerly. "I have written much—when I have been alone in the forest. I will show you more."

I sat in abashed silence. I, college trained, with every advantage of education, association, and environment, could not express myself as had this

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# Burton

By Bernice Brown

Illustrations by C. J. McCarthy

**B**URTON and Hendshaw were two quite opposite types of men and yet they made good business associates. Arnold Hendshaw was one of the Hendshaws. He was fifty. He had the big house on the hill above the factory and his wife had been Clarissa Archibald. He owned the finest collection of Georgian manuscripts in this country. He had traveled abroad, he spoke French and German and he had read Dante in the original.

Burton was up from the ranks. At fourteen he had started in at the factory. His father was a cobbler and his wife had been nee Hallahan. Burton amused Hendshaw, and Hendshaw, with his dignity, his slow-goingness, his equanimity, was patronized by Burton. Burton was a live-wire, a go-getter, the type of self-made man who is sentimental about his own past but ruthless toward those who exist on the level from which he has fought a way up.

Yes, there was no doubt about it, Burton was a success. He got the things he wanted. He had even got a son. Hendshaw was curious about the lad. He, Hendshaw, had never had a child. It was his and Clarissa's great disappointment and yet perhaps it had brought them even closer together than any child could have done. They were sorry for each other, and tender, because of the loss that was never referred to.

Hendshaw wondered often about the Burton boy. Burton wore him as another man might a brilliant stick-pin. Young Burton was the testimonial of his father's success, the breeze that made his pennant to fly, the symbol and sign of his achievements. As a baby he had had the finest perambulator in the block, a magnificent thing of patent leather and nickel trimmings. His roller skates were of the trickiest and his bicycle had had the first coaster-brake in Newtonville.

No matter how many persons Burton, the father, had trod upon on his way up, he had never trod upon his son. Hendshaw had often thought



"My boy's back from school today." The stern, self-righteous look on his face vanished, and a slow, proprietary grin took its place.

about it. He was spoiling the boy, ruining him, and all out of egotism. Such lavishness was not affection. He loved the boy, of course. But he loved his power to love him even more. Perhaps, in his heart, Burton hated his own past and this was his gesture of getting even with the fate that had made him an office boy at fourteen, that shut childhood away from him and the delightful irresponsibilities of youth.

Hendshaw wished Burton might have a little sense. Mrs. Burton was too much under her husband's thumb to protest. Besides, she was a silly woman, quite the sort Burton would marry what with her plumpness, and her pinkness, and her china painting. Burton was a success but he was a great fool. He had no imagination. That was it, no imagination. Burton deserved a cropper, and yet it seemed too bad to make the boy suffer.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon and Hendshaw left the foundry early. He stopped at the door of Burton's office. Hendshaw was president of the company but Burton's office was more splendid than the president's. Still, Burton was the one who met the trade, the one to whom the gesture was essential.

"I've looked over your figures," said Hendshaw. "I suppose you're right about letting Berthold and Nelson out. It's too bad. They were here when my father was president."

"That's the answer," said Burton.

"I suppose so."

"Can't mix sentiment and business," said Burton, "oil and vinegar."

Hendshaw smiled. Burton was a great one for sayings. Too bad there were so many wise-saws. They falsified life so. "Berthold's got a son in college, bright boy. And Nelson's got a daughter up at Saranac. Lungs."

"Not the fault of the Hendshaw Foundry Company, is it?" said Burton.

"I don't know," said Hendshaw.

Burton looked at his superior. When Hendshaw talked like that Burton wondered how the Hendshaw Foundry Company made money. Hendshaw was a queer one, all right. There were times when Hendshaw gave the younger man a great sense of superiority. He, not Hendshaw, must be the backbone of the organization. What would old Hendshaw do without him anyway?"

"I'll tell 'em this afternoon," said Burton. "No use putting it off. Poor devils. Forty years. I'd rather take a licking than do it. Forty years. Well, at the end of forty years for me things will look different than for those poor chaps. God knows I didn't start in any higher up than they did, either. Six dollars a week I got. I'm not getting enough now," he laughed, "but it's more than that."

Hendshaw smiled.

"I suppose I'm the one to do it," said Burton. "It would come better from me. They had their chance, just



like me, and, well, it takes a lot of people to make a world." He straightened the papers on his desk in an attempt to appear casual. "My boy's back from school to-day." The stern, self-righteous look on his face vanished and a slow, proprietary grin took its place. "Smart boy, my boy," he said.

Hendshaw looked at him. "Isn't it early for him to be back" he asked.

This was what Burton had hoped Hendshaw would say. "I'll say it's early," he beamed. "The rest of the boys are up there sweating over their examinations. My boy didn't have to take any. Too smart. He was excused."

"I see," said Hendshaw.

"I'm going to give him a new motor," he said, "Classy roadster." He leaned back. "Doesn't do not to be generous," he said. "I've got it to give. No use begrudging a few things to one's own."

"No?" said Hendshaw.

"He's coming around to see you, Mr. Hendshaw," Burton continued. "Cheer you up a bit. Must get pretty lonely in that big house of yours."

"It is a big house," said Hendshaw. It was a big house, big and old-fashioned and expensive, but it had been his father's and he loved it. Why did he love so many things that were indeed an extravagance, absurd, unworldly extravagance? "I'll be glad to see your boy," he said. But he wasn't at that moment thinking about Burton's son.

THAT evening, after dinner, in the long, low-paneled library, Hendshaw and his wife had a talk about expenses.

"I can't let Annie go," said Clarissa. "She's been with us twenty years."

"No," said Hendshaw.

"And who'd stand Tillie with her hump but us?"

"Nobody," said Hendshaw.

"We've just got to cut down on the necessities," said Clarissa.

Hendshaw smiled and Clarissa lifted an inquiring eyebrow.

"I was only thinking of Burton," he said. "We'll never get on, you know, dear."

Clarissa shrugged her shoulders. She was pretty, even yet. "I suppose not." Then quite unexpectedly she said, "Darling."

On his way over to Nelson's house that night Hendshaw thought back to the time, he was fourteen then, that he had first seen Nelson. Nelson was in the foundry-room. He fed the boiler. Hendshaw remembered him as he stood there, stripped to the waist. A big man. With a pole he guided the great strips of glowing steel that shot out of the mouth of the furnace, like a devil's tongue, along the rollers to the cooling vats that hissed like volcanoes when the steel slid into them. Nelson had ap-

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"That evening after dinner . . . Hendshaw and his wife had a talk about expenses."

# This Puddle Complex

By J. Frank Davis

SOMETHING more than half the Rotarians in these United States, in common with a few million non-Rotarians, have at one time or another repeated that ancient bromide: "I'd rather be a big toad in a small puddle than a small toad in a big puddle." Saying it, perhaps, with a pleasant little mental reservation to the effect that while, as a statement of preference, the adage may be wholly true, nevertheless there is a catch in it—the same being that if ever we were able to get our chance in the really big town we wouldn't be small toads at all.

On the crowd-fascinated other hand, there is a stridently vocal minority, resident in great cities, which ever maintains that the joys of big puddles more than make up for the sorrows of small-toadness.

Big town or small town, metropolis or village, each has had its apostles of sometimes heated argument, but nobody seems to have publicly declared himself as to the community that is betwixt and between. Or, for that matter, as to the toads that are neither astoundingly big nor exceedingly little. It is high time somebody did, and this is a good place to do it.

Obviously, he who attempts the declaration should be one who, having sampled puddles of many areas, frankly sets down personal experience in proof of what he claims. Well, I have been a moderately big toad in a small puddle, a small toad in a very big puddle, and

a fair-sized toad in a fair-sized puddle. And if you ask me, as several have, the fair-sized puddle is best—for the fair-sized toad. There is more contentment in it for the bulk of us.

The North American toad is an ambitious jumper, and the young of the species are all pretty certain that even in the biggest of big pools they could make a loud and happy splash.

If this were not true, Calvin Coolidge would now be a prosperous farmer in Plymouth, Vermont, a notary public, and perhaps postmaster.

Henry Ford would be a leading citizen of Greenfield, Michigan, apt at repairing hayrakes and other simple farm machinery, with little or no worry about his income tax.

town Manhattan bank who hopes his new young superior will think his hair is prematurely white, because if he should lose his present job he doesn't know where he could get another at his age, would be cashier of the Merchants' and Farmers' Bank at Webster, Indiana, had he remained there.

And Grover C. Brown, had he stuck to the puddle where he was born, in Amity, Nebraska, would be proprietor, now, of Brown's Auto Livery and Garage in that hustling community, instead of driving a depot taxi in Kansas City.

This shifting of puddles differs from aviation in that you can be reasonably certain where you are going to light, but it resembles aviation in that you



"Oh, yes," the other remarks brightly. "Writer. Yes. I see. What name do you write under?"

Decorations by  
H. Weston Taylor

Herbert Clark Hoover of West Branch, Iowa, would be counting up the profits of a good year at some small business — surveying, perhaps—and wondering whether he could afford to trade in the old car and get one a trifle more expensive.

Hopping into the big puddles was the best thing for themselves they ever did. They were big enough to be big toads anywhere.

But that exceedingly small toad Rutherford H. Jones, who has been selling collars and neckties in a Boston haberdashery for a whole generation, would now, if he had been wise enough to stay at home, be bossing the R. H. Jones Dry Goods Company in Swift River, New Hampshire.

Ulysses G. Smith, that little, inconspicuous clerk in a down-

don't know what shape you are going to be in after you get there.

Since the day I cast my first vote I have lived in a number of places. A town of eight thousand. A city of twenty thousand. One of forty. One, counting close-in suburbs, of a million and a half. And the great, boiling, head-daddy of them all—New York City.

For quite a number of years, now, I have resided in a city that is neither big nor little. Enthusiastic boosters declare it has close to two hundred and twenty thousand people; I will be conservative and say it has upwards of a hundred and ninety.

It is far and away the most satisfactory puddle I have ever fallen into—for a toad of my size and capabilities.

A good many years have passed since I had, relatively speaking, my big-toad-in-a-small-puddle experience. Please note that I say *relatively*. There were plenty of bigger toads in all respects, and financially there were many hundreds. I wasn't making more than a comfortable living, but men with a great deal of money and power were listening to what I said; listening very respectfully and then, often, trying to conceal from me that they did as they pleased. A great number of people knew me by sight—it was in the place with forty thousand population—and I had a speaking acquaintance with hundreds. Toward the last of it my name was in the public prints pretty often. Not always favorably; that depended upon the paper's political complexion. I achieved the glory of being cartooned by the state's leading journal.

My big-toadness was wholly political. Pretty nearly everybody that I knew in my residential ward, when I decided to run for the City Council, promised me his vote, and when the ballots were counted it was found that I had been elected by the startling plurality of eighteen. My three party associates on the ticket, having held office before, were more vulnerable than I; one of them was elected by five votes and the other two were defeated. That was a close ward.

By assiduous neglect of my personal business I succeeded in increasing that plurality to something like a hundred and

sixty the following year. The annual salary was two hundred dollars.

A big traction franchise hovered in the offing, and the political leaders let me have all the responsibility and a free hand as chairman of the committee on street railways because I didn't know any better than to be willing to take it. The chances—as always when a city deals with a corporation—were that there would be more blame than credit coming to the man who negotiated with the magnates. I received both. As customary, the voters with the sledgehammers were more outspoken than those with the bouquets. However, we got the biggest price for a street-railway franchise that had ever been paid in that state and succeeded in securing a lot of improvements in the service that the citizens had been demanding, so a considerable number of people were satisfied.

I WAS elected president of the Council. In a hot gubernatorial campaign I did a lot of statewide spellbinding. The time came when I had the pleasure of seeing myself referred to, quite bitterly, by a newspaper which had not received all the city advertising, as one of a small group of "bosses" which the paper intimated was not always altruistic in its management of the city's political affairs.

At this period I was so well known that I couldn't go downtown without being stopped and shaken hands with by admiring constituents, a surprisingly large number of whom either wanted to sell tickets in a raffle or were willing to let me accommodate them with a dollar for a few days. It was decided that I should run the next Fall for Mayor.

I am not deceived as to what would

have been the outcome if I had. Chance was not involved to any appreciable extent. The voters were still a trifle dazed by the astonishing sum they had received for that traction franchise and, besides, our political machine was very efficient. I should have been elected. I should have performed the executive duties of the municipality for a year or two, had an "honorable" tacked in front of my name, received the adulation of a fraction of the population and the wallops of a bigger fraction, built fences looking toward some larger political office—one had already been mentioned by the state leader of my party—and been as busy as the traps player in a jazz band.

But glory does not necessarily mean cash, and politics is not always a satisfactory career for a poor man who is fussy about how he gets richer. I yearned to put money in my purse. Becoming, in a business way, suddenly "at liberty," as the theatrical profession euphoniously describes joblessness, I felt the lure of the metropolis and of a trade which for three or four years I had left flat on its back.

So I went away from the little puddle and landed in the middle of a big one without anybody there seeming to notice that I was now among those present.

This is not one of those stories about how the country boy goes to the great but wicked city and after a few weeks becomes a member of the firm and marries the heiress—but I got along.

I hopped around in the big puddles for seven years. I was able to hold as big jobs as I was able to get, and I got some good ones. My income wasn't such that any bank presidents rushed to their doors to greet me as I came in, but it would have seemed stupendous

back in the small town. Without contending that I bewildered any great city with my brilliancy—because if I had I should have become a really big toad in a big puddle, of course, and probably stayed there—I can truthfully say that I came no croppers.

I did not get out of the metropolitan game, as so many wait to do, because I was a failure. I quit for a fair-sized puddle far distant from the bright lights merely because what looked like a good (Cont'd on p. 46)



"Nobody in the House paid the slightest attention to him except the official stenographers . . ."





Decorations by A. H. Winkler

# “If Music be the Food of Love”

By *Ethel R. Peyser*

Co-author of “How Music Grew”

**I**F music be the food of love, play on,” said Orsino the Duke, in “Twelfth Night,” one of the loveliest of Shakespeare’s creations. Never was music more daintily served with lute and voice and gorgeous raiment than in Shakespeare’s day and even before his enchanting period when Troubadour and Trouvere, acting as news broadcaster, roused the countryside and the royal courts with tidings of great battle, nuptials, and the tourney. So did music serve as newspaper, the love letter, and as lovers’ speech! Later on in the years, it was customary during the days of the rakish Pepys, for everyone to keep a “chest of viols” in the house and in this chest were stringed instruments of that day and while a caller waited for his host, he would play merry roundelays and sweet lyrics! After dinner too it was customary in England for the guests to join in playing on the harpsichord and singing, for the host always supplied the instruments and it was the part of every “gentleman’s” education, to know how to read music at sight! Even the barber had instruments which were to be played on, while the customer whiled away the tedium, of waiting his turn, by twanging the lute, or playing the hurdy-gurdy or other strings that happened to be on hand. This was living music! Can one today

imagine the thrill, awaiting the dentist, soothed by the strains of a violin and so be saved from listening to the patients suffering from an aching tooth?

And yet. . . although now we broadcast with electric power and speak not of our love in music, probably there has never been such a hungering for music nor such quantities of it played, since this strange old world was born.

For music can be enjoyed today not only by those who play and sing, but by those who know naught of its technique; and those too, who have never had a music lesson, can have the supreme joy of playing music with the aid of the automatic players and “listening to the band” and to the most perfect voice production on phonograph and radio!

This is a new musical era, when to ask, is to receive; when to choose, is to be musically filled.

But with all things lovely, there is a time and a place for music. To be sure it is hard to tell when music is not salutary and welcomed. For this reason, one is interested particularly in the times that music (to the tired man or woman) is the stimulus, rest, and inspiration, that only music can be with its melody, its beauty, and its soul-satisfyingness.

F. Frankfort Moore, the author of “The Jessamy Bride,” a tale of the

days of David Garrick in England says (in a collection of essays) something like this: “I prefer music at any time but at my meals, for music interrupts the taking of food. Were there a musical omelet soufflé I should like it better, but as yet I know no music that fits the food one eats.” Certainly jazz doesn’t!

**O**NE is prone to agree with Mr. Moore at first, yet upon second thought we would as lief eat with music as without it, in fact, we confess to rather a yearning for it at meals . . . not to fit the food as a garment but to set the mood as a guardian. Maybe home life in many cases would be lovelier if music were the food of love and of home life, even more than it is today.

One charming hostess that we know owns a delightful automatic piano of highest grade and while there one evening, dining, in the music-room, two rooms away, soft music was played and we remember with radiant delight how charmingly came the strains of Debussy’s “Clair de la Lune” with its mysterious moonlight, translated into mystic music in the quasi-Hellenic scale. Then too, was wafted to us, after a well-timed interval (for herein is the art of purveying music) Mendelssohn’s “Spinning Song” played by Gabilowitch. Later, a Vienna Waltz

by Kreisler, played by himself; not long after this Harold Bauer playing an "Intermezzo" of Brahms and then with dessert, Percy Grainger's arrangement of Tchaikowsky's "Flower Waltz"! It is a dinner we shall not soon forget, for one cannot but admit that not since the days of musical patrons, such experience is rare in a private home! An amusing thing occurred there, for one of the guests was an accomplished musician, and at the first strains of the Gabilowitch piece, he turned to his hostess and exclaimed: "My dear Evelyn, who is in there playing? It sounds exactly like Gabilowitch, whom I heard play that very thing last night!"

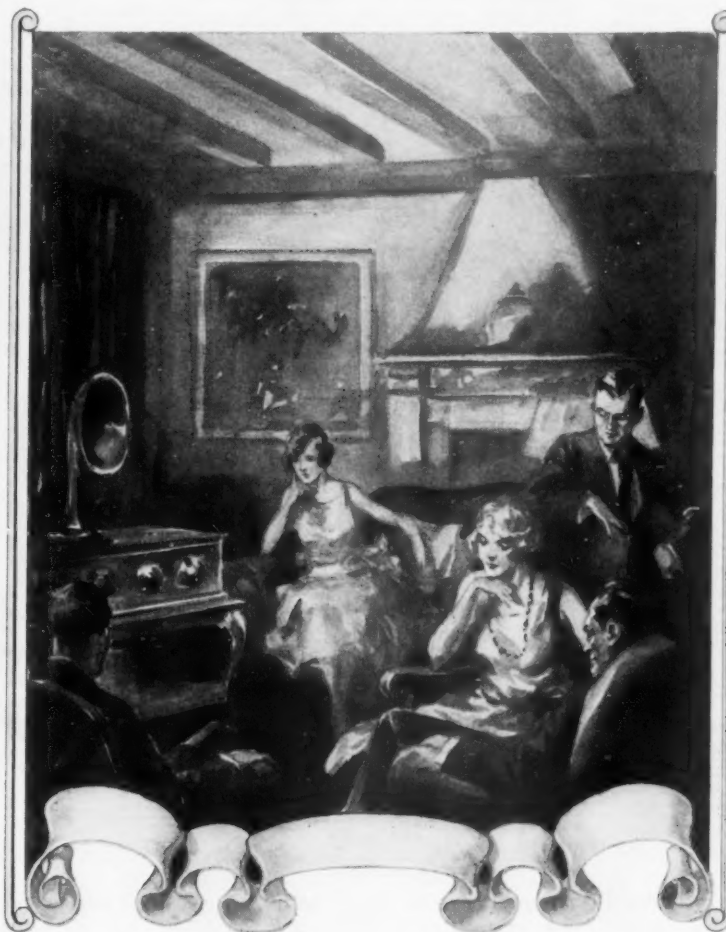
Said Evelyn: "It is." . . . and for a moment the table was confounded until Evelyn graciously explained the musical jest.

So is one able today to have music with one's meals to increase the joy of entertaining, not with spurious imitation but with music excellently performed with naught to yearn for.

The hostess today need not be handicapped by inability to play an instrument or for means to entertain. In the past, it was often the sad case, at small affairs, that the hostess being no conversationalist, let the party lag and fall into, figuratively speaking "Air-holes," but now can entertainment soar skyward and with the accompaniment of music, never be gappy or unhappy.

It is so customary to be invited to a radio party today, when some eminent person is to play or sing, that it is unnecessary to mention it here, yet, we are anxious to pass on the memory of another party given by a prominent writer one evening to a group of friends. The radio set was new and perfect in its delivery of the enchanting Lucrezia Bori's voice and of John McCormack's unparalleled lyrics. All around the room were comfortable divans and chairs with well-situated ash trays and candy salvers. After the concert was over, which was listened to with as much reverence as if the singers were in the room, a beautiful collation was served and the evening came to an end around midnight. This

in its entirety seemed to be a transference of Orsino's "If music be the food of love. . . ." and is to be sure, a charming method of entertaining and open to everyone, however limited the treasury. In days gone by only the great Kings and the Peers of the realm could so entertain!



But without formal entertainment, one can get singly and in groups, the relaxation and beauty of music and live it, as did the Elizabethans and those in Troubadour and Trouvere days. When one is tired or bored, to be able to play something on the favorite instrument, which lifts one out of the petty world in which we live, is "paradise enow" and as real a food of the spirit as exists. To sit down and play or listen to some humorous selection, such as Beethoven's "Fury over the Loss of a Penny" makes you forget the sordid hours that have ground you down. Often have we come home and played a dance of Bach. Now, fear not, for Bach is often merry and delightful and he has been much maligned in misguided publicity, implying that he only wrote heavy music for the church! Yes, we confess to being a "Bachante" and we hope that those who read this article will add to their music enjoyment by giving him a trial.

"Keeping up with the opera" might be the phrase applied to much of the musical life of our day, when delightful excerpts can be had to play and sing for one's own pleasure and for the unconscious education in music of the little children who grace the home.

A little girl friend of three, in whom

we are much interested, has always heard such beautiful music in her home that when she goes to school, her musical education will be partly accomplished. She is as familiar with Beethoven, whom she reverently calls Mr. Beethoven, as she is with the jazz, that most of us know and some of which we deservedly admire. But all she hears is good jazz such as some of the Gershwin selections, from his "Symphony in Blue," some of the best of Irving Berlin's pieces; Brahms' "Limehouse Blues," and twenty or thirty other jazz delights. So worth-while is jazz becoming at its best, that the composers of Europe, Darius Milhaud, Igor Stravinsky, Maurice Ravel and others, to say naught of our own composers, Emerson, Withorne, Louise Gruenberg, Aaron Copland and others are using the jazz rhythms, America's contribution

to the music of our generation.

Thus today, it is truly cultured to "serve" some jazz dishes for if one does not appreciate good jazz, one misses a fascinating rhythm, and this reminds us of the song "Fascinating Rhythm" in "Lady Be Good!" of George and Ira Gershwin, played to crowded houses in New York and also of "Manhattan," a fascinating song sung in the Garrick Gaieties, given by the Junior Actors of the Theatre Guild. Whether the Charleston (dance) has come to stay or not, it behooves every open-minded hostess and musician to "try it out" anyhow.

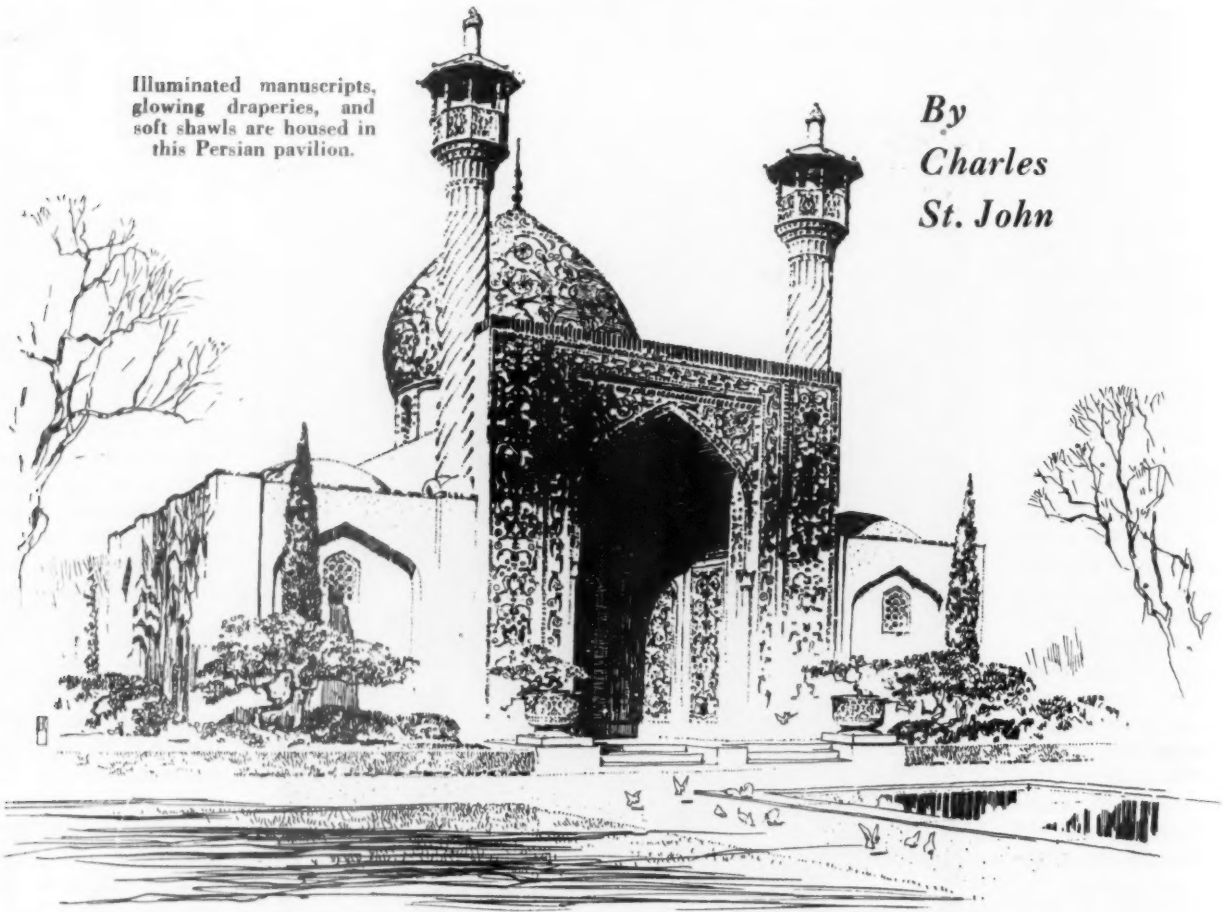
**EVENINGS** at home can be and are, many times, exquisite experiences when those who play instruments gather together to enjoy a nice mixture of the old masters and the new. The violin and violoncello and piano, with all their musical literature, can keep a family united as no bonds of matrimony

(Continued on page 45)

# The Sesqui-Centennial

Illuminated manuscripts, glowing draperies, and soft shawls are housed in this Persian pavilion.

By  
Charles  
St. John



**F**ROM the collection of Sesqui-Centennial Exposition stories before me I learn that, due to the super-lighting of the grounds, New Yorkers will be nightly reminded of what is going on in Philadelphia. That is rather significant because trains take about two hours to travel between the two cities; because it involves the use of fourteen super-searchlights massed in one place; and of two more 60 inch searchlights on a tower. Probably there has been no such concentration of light in history.

It is no less significant that on top of that silver shaft, the 200 foot Tower of Light, will blaze the Light of Independence, symbolic of the events which this Exposition celebrates. For it was 150 years ago that the population of the Thirteen Colonies, through their representatives, laid the foundations of a republic. That population was about 3,000,000—or say one-tenth of the number expected to visit the Exposition between June and December.

For the Exposition has a dual pur-

pose, it is designed both to commemorate the stirring days of 1776 and to show the industrial or artistic progress of these United States and other nations in the ensuing period. To this end Philadelphia, for ten years the capital of the United States, has made huge preparations at a cost which may reach \$120,000,000. Items in this bill will include \$4,500,000 for improved approaches to the grounds, \$150,000 for a pipe organ, and \$650,000 for music.

Such expenditure as this should show notable results even on grounds having one and a half times the area of those used for the Paris Exposition. Whether or not this estimate includes the parking space for 50,000 automobiles is not stated. However, we are told that more than 1,500,000 automobiles are expected to reach Philadelphia during the Exposition, and that special tourist camps with complete facilities for cooking, washing, bathing, will be provided. These camps, together with certain other portions of the grounds will be frequently visited by representatives

of various women's clubs who are looking after the comfort of Exposition visitors.

Since hotel rooms will be at a premium it is likely that many visitors will use these camps. Once the car is parked and the camp paraphernalia properly distributed the tourist can wash off the dust of travel and start looking things over.

Perhaps he will wish to get in touch with his automobile club, or with one of the many other organizations which have established Exposition headquarters. If he happens to be a Rotarian he will find Frank Honicker, secretary of the Philadelphia Rotary Club, at 506 Bulletin Building. Mr. Honicker will gladly furnish information as to the location or character of hotels, or be of service in other ways.

Passing down Broad Street—which is to be transformed into an Avenue of Nations ablaze with flags and pennants—he will find himself at the Court of States in front of the Administration Building. Here an open square has twelve tall columns on each corner



—one for every State with State flags between the columns. In the center of the court are massed American flags and 50 feet above them a huge Liberty Bell, illuminated by 60,000 electric lights.

**B**EYOND this is the main gateway flanked by 50-foot pylons surmounted by colossal heraldic figures; and beyond this again the various buildings of the Exposition. Since all but one of these buildings—the John Morton Memorial erected in honor of a Swedish signer of the Declaration—are only meant for temporary use, they are made of tinted stucco on iron frames. Generally speaking the architects have followed the step-back style of the more modern skyscrapers. Exceptions are, of course, made in cases where a nation has its own exhibition building, and these variations are often replicas of famous buildings such as the Taj Mahal of India or the Torre del Oro of Spain. Something like twenty-five foreign countries and twenty States or territories are exhibiting their products. Impressive as this array is, especially when accompanied by various bazaars, villages, etc., portraying national life, it would seem that some of the leading nations might be more strongly represented than they are.

The Federal government appropriated \$2,186,500 to cover the expenses of exhibitions by army, navy, and civil



One of the corners of the Palace of Agriculture.

departments. Among the various matters presented are exhibits of life-saving and fire-fighting apparatus used by sailors, automatic buoys, fish hatchery, coal-mining and mine-rescue work, crop loss by insects, livestock loss by lightning, grain loss by dust explosion and such things as Alaskan seal hunting and salmon fishery. National parks are shown in miniature and there is a fine collection of ores from all States. Other

displays show the improvement of industrial conditions, and protection for women workers. You can write a letter and follow it through a postal system; you can get coins or medals warm from the mint; you can mark the gradual spread of American territory by a series of maps, or study copies of the famous treaties prepared in the Department of State.

No less fascinating are the marvels of machinery. Models show the development of power machinery from the water-wheel to the engine-generator. Telegraph and radio can be traced through their various stages of perfection, and if you want to surprise the folks you can have your picture taken and transmitted to your distant home by telephoto.

**F**OR those who are more interested in the home, its furnishings, and its garden, there is something much better in the reproduction of Old High Street. Here we have the main street of Philadelphia as it was in Washington's day. It is complete with Colonial houses, taverns, a printery, a bakery, a small theatre, and prim gardens. Inside these homes you can find Chippendale and other period furniture, and to maintain the illusion there are soldiers and civilians in appropriate costume.

Yet even though mother and the girls  
(Continued on page 42)



Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family, was in Northamptonshire, England. This model at the Sesqui-Centennial will interest visitors from both sides of the Atlantic.



A section of the Ninth Exhibition of American Industrial Art held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art last year.

# From Museum to You

*Via the Factory and the Store*

*By Richard F. Bach*

*Photographs by courtesy of the  
Metropolitan Museum of Art*

**W**E READ of the hunter who followed so closely the tracks of a bear that he ran into bruin's arms.

The surprise of both parties was not of like degree and it is reported that the tables were turned, thus effecting a complete cure of the hunter's shortsightedness. A similar condition may be pointed out in certain of our arts, especially the industrial arts. The things of the moment seem so insistent, or at least are granted such undivided attention, that real progress as shown by improved design is too often set aside for "future consideration." But the bear in this comparison is public opinion and information. Manufacturers and retailers find themselves more and more facing the troublesome necessity of explaining to a questioning buying public why designs do not improve. Americans often wonder why exceptional designs so often bear a British or French label.

To begin with, in these art industries there is no better selling-point than design. It is the appearance of the chair, the rug, the dress, the scarf-

pin, or the blanket that first appeals to us. Obviously, all design is based upon the best resources as studied and interpreted by excellent designers. Granted that America has excellent designers, what resources does she have to fall back on? Schools, books, foreign originals of current productions to copy from, and one thing more—museums of art. And the greatest of these, at this time in the story of our advance, is the museum of art.

It is the general assumption that schools can "make" designers. An adequate announcement for a school would be that a course is offered which, when satisfactorily passed and when supplemented by fifteen years of painstaking practical experience, will aid an individual in meeting the requirements of a very exacting type of art. A school can only help a designer to make himself. Again, it is too often supposed that out of books designs may be got-

ten which can readily be made over to meet current needs. Such a procedure is a plain statement of ignorance. Books are useful as instructive mediums, but their contents must be assimilated, not copied or modified, except for purposes of study toward new material.

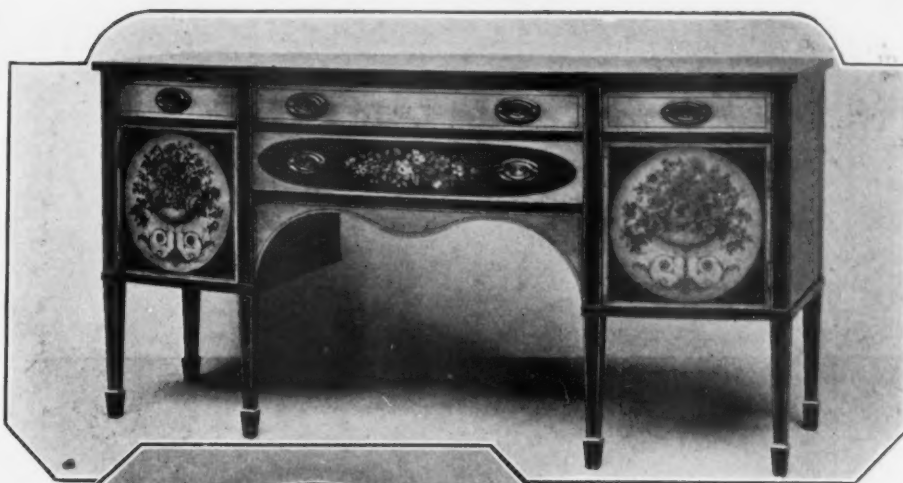
The same holds true of the indiscriminate adulation of foreign models. What an admission, what a weak-kneed grovelling confession for several of America's important trades to make—the better things they use or sell are foreign made! Or, worse yet, made in America and sold as foreign material, thus adding fraud to weakness.

Americans boast of their efficiency and then most inefficiently ignore some of the greatest aids to progress, at least in design of industrial arts. Out of our industrial legions how many textile, furniture, costume, or metal manufacturers use museums of art in their daily output? How many are really convinced that an art museum could be useful to them? And the answers would apply equally well to designers of silver, rugs, millinery, jewelry, and a score of other trades. That is our

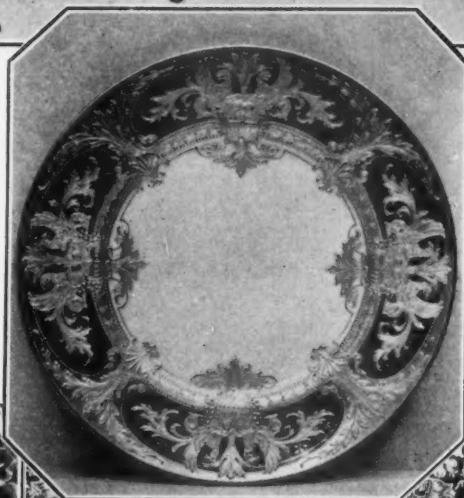
greatest shortcoming in the art trades: our inability to appreciate the value of originals in the development of current output, originals of past times representative of the best thought and taste of those times.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art several departments are maintained which should be of special interest to industrial art designers. There are Study Rooms in different departments where, for instance, a myriad small pieces of fabrics are mounted on individual frames which may be used as laboratory material. These may be taken to tables where close studies may be made, weaves duplicated, etc. To aid designers a personal ticket is issued which immediately establishes the position and purposes of the holder, extends to him certain special services, and cancels the admission fee on "washdays" and "fishdays."

A magnificent example of the potter's art from the Manufacturers' and Designers' Exhibition, designed by Frank Graham Holmes, executed by Lenox, Inc.



A sideboard of the Sheraton type, designed by Ralph C. Erskine, from Annual Exhibition by Manufacturers and Designers of work showing influence of Museum study.



that will meet the exigencies of the problem in hand.

Now the study of an object of art from the standpoint of its value in present-day design resembles the use of the Bible or other religious book. While to some the volume may offer untold riches, to others it will remain coldly literal and uninspiring. It is often a far cry from the old piece studied to the clattering modern factory in which the new piece is designed and produced. Ideas, motives, color combinations spring at the designer from pieces of great variety as to purpose, material, and artistic inspiration. Imagination in design may reach across centuries in a second's thought, as when an Athenian pyxis whose

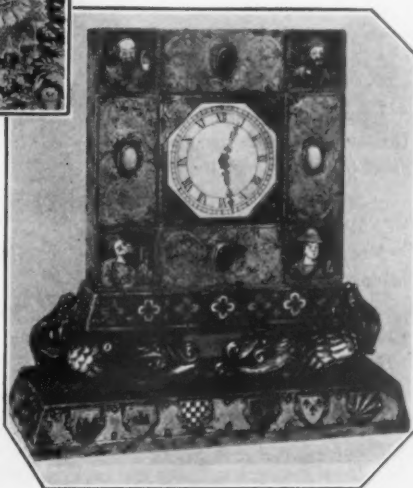


Cretonne (left) and silk damask (right) both designed after study of engravings by Pillement, and manufactured by Marshall Field & Company.

Then there are the large collections of exhibited materials in many fields, textiles, laces, wood, metal, prints, pottery, and other objects falling in the field of decorative arts; all told, over fifty thousand items, ten thousand in the province of textiles alone and three thousand laces. In these there is a wealth of suggestion, found constantly useful by an always increasing number of forward-looking producers and designers.

Finally, there is maintained an of-

fice in charge of a staff official whose duty it is to act as interpreter (or defender) of the collections, a liaison officer, so to speak, to provide an easy means of understanding the exhibits in terms of the industry's needs. This staff member makes it his duty to be acquainted with current processes of production, the difficulties and methods of manufacture and selling. When a designer comes to him with a definite problem, he can therefore aid in finding the sort of material or motive or color



A clock showing influence of study of Museum enamels, from Manufacturers' and Designers' Exhibition, manufactured by Edward F. Caldwell & Co.



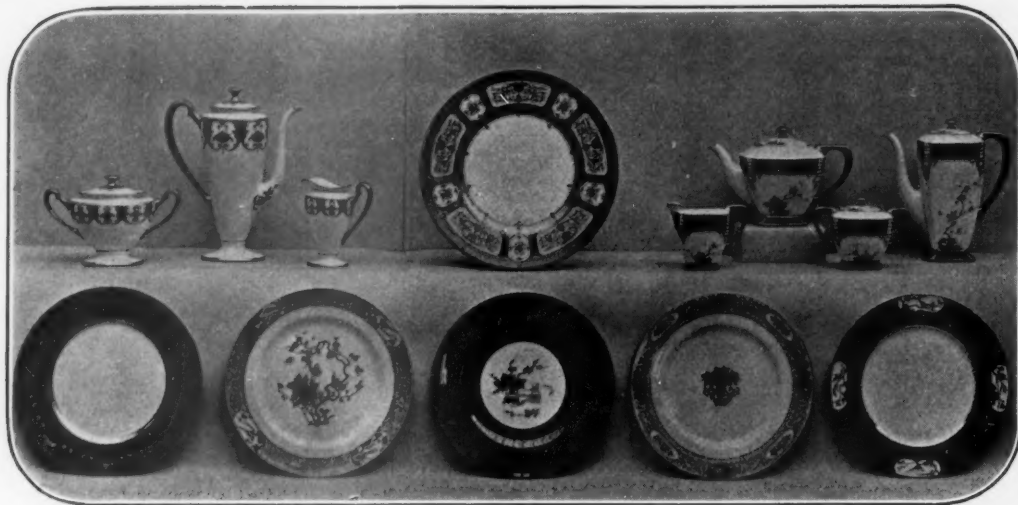


Exhibit of ware designed by Frank Graham Holmes and executed by Lenox, Inc., the patterns based on Metropolitan Museum collections.

age is reckoned in centuries offers to designers the long-sought inspiration for a cold-cream jar. Similar long-range translations or transitions of motive, material, purpose or idea are seen in the following:

From Millefleurs tapestries to Massachusetts rugs;

From Italian gesso covered and painted picture frames to tapestries made in New Jersey;

From Chinese cloisonné vases to men's cravats for Fifth Avenue shops;

From Persian lacquered book covers to sport ribbons for Southampton;

From Oriental pottery to Occidental painted furniture made in Connecticut;

From old Florentine glass bottles to present-day printed voiles;

From Russian laces to American decorated porcelain;

From ecclesiastical vestments dating from the struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline to wallpaper made in Brooklyn;

From rugs of India to woven cotton blankets produced in Providence;

From Turkish brass to American silver;

From embroidered crests that graced the tournaments to sport skirts of today;

From French wood carvings to soap wrappers;

From Egyptian costumes to bottle labels;

From Japanese peaked helmets to grass floor mats;

From chased metal to cretonne.

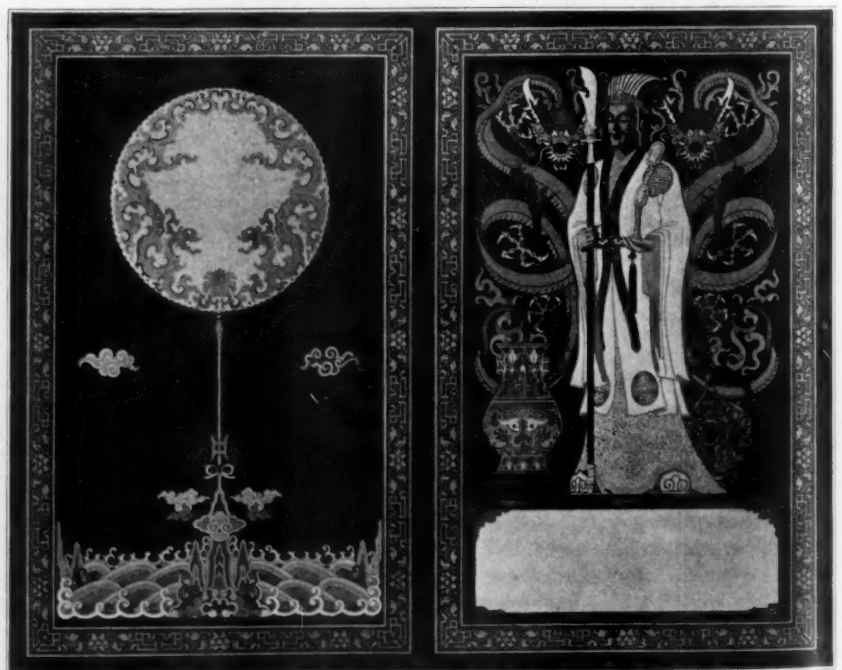
These indicate the results of the progressive designer. There are, of course, for one such a hundred others who follow the line of least resistance and find lace ideas only in lace, textile ideas only in fabrics, and so on.

The fundamentals of design are universal, as motives and colors are uni-

versal. Their emergence in given materials or their manifestations under specific conditions of technique, use or process of production is a matter of successful adaptation on the part of the capable designer or styler. He, or they, will recognize the merits of materials and the advantages of technique, finding their inspiration accordingly, not only by reiteration of motives from similar material but through an informing study of desirable motives or textures in any material. The former is inbreeding, which leads to stagnation; the latter brings progress in design. We might say with Michelangelo that the figure is in the marble; it is the sculptor's task to free it. So the inspiration and suggestion desired by the designer are always in the Museum col-

be dug out to be valuable. This mine of design is the Museum; the designer, styler, manufacturer are invited to go to work, at least figuratively, with pick and spade. Motives will not come for the beckoning, but they respond promptly to the call of intelligent search and painstaking labor. The Museum offers all possible assistance and will gladly do anything short of the impossible or miraculous to advance the cause of design; but the Museum is not a "design factory" or a "design stockroom," whence desirable motives may be drafted to do duty over again. The Museum is a laboratory, a workroom, simply a larger designing room—and as such it will realize the purposes for which it was established only when its

(Continued on page 62)



An example of advertising design by Walter D. Teague, combining both the ancient and modern design, from the Sixth Manufacturers' and Designers' Exhibition.

lections and it becomes necessary to search and, better yet, to recognize them when they appear, to study and digest them.

The problem is one of intelligent assimilation. Whatever the facilities, they will be inadequate if the designer or producer does not attack his problem intelligently. Design is the result of much thought and more work; very few geniuses are sprinkled among us. If design is worth having it is worth going after. The jewels are in the mine, but they must

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The fourteen captains of the teams in the Butte Rotary Kids' Football League, 1925



# The Gang Finds Itself

By Walter T. Scott

"THE Butte Rotary Club has a plan for its boys work that is the most interesting and the most effective of anything of its kind I have ever seen," was the remark made recently by a visiting notable. Similar statements by visitors have become so numerous that members of this Rotary Club now take them as a matter of course. Because the Butte plan is easily adaptable to the needs of many cities and towns, it is worth explanation in some detail.

Butte, Montana, is known the world over as the center of a great mining district. A large part of the men in the community are employed in the mines under the shift system which keeps the men away from their homes many nights in the year. As a result their families have a varying schedule depending on whether the men are on day or night shift, and the discipline of children lies largely in the control of their mothers. For the boys of the city

over ten years of age, there has been far too little parental supervision, the youngsters being free to run around at will outside of school hours and to seek their own means of amusement.

Half a dozen years back, locality gangs were numerous, these gangs being composed of boys eager for activity of some kind and for adventure and excitement. Lacking the guidance of older people, they naturally turned to mischief leading to rowdyism, petty thievery, destruction of unguarded property, and other annoyances. The unchecked experiences of the younger lads led in time to the formation of older "overall gangs" whose activities became criminal rather than just mischievous.

Several years ago certain business men in

Washington, Jr., High School hockey champions of both Copper League and City League





The Blaines, 1926 city basketball champions, Butte Rotary Kids' League

Two years ago the boys work committee of Butte Rotary was composed of the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. who had just completed a term as president of the club, a leading lawyer who at one time was an All-American tackle at Cornell, a big - hearted banker interested in the boy problem of the city, a common - sense business man who was willing to back any good idea, and a pro-

fessor and director of student activities at the Montana State School of Mines who has had much experience in organizing various athletic events. These five men decided to back in the name of Rotary the organization of athletic teams among the gang boys of the city and the playing of league schedules. The suggestion came from the physical director. The banker offered to finance

the proposition until it proved a success or a failure. The others helped with the plans of organization or by judicious throwing of cold water to develop and avoid the weak places in the proposition.

Operation was started experimentally with baseball and then with football. Championship trophies and individual awards were offered in the name of Rotary to the winners in a league devoted to each sport, these prizes to be presented at a regular noon luncheon of the Rotary club with the boys present as the guests of honor and much being made of the occasion. Membership on the teams was limited to boys under sixteen years of age and 120 pounds in weight. A careful record was to be kept of the players in each game to see that they were fully eligible, this being an important point because the boys in their eagerness to win would run in "ringers" if they could get away with it unchallenged. The first effort was to secure teams composed of the members of certain gangs who naturally ran together in different parts of the city.

THE baseball was handled as a part of the summer activities at Columbia Gardens, the amusement park for Butte located by the late Senator W. A. Clark under the shadow of the Continental Divide east of the city and maintained  
(Continued on Page 52)

the city began to realize that conditions as they then existed could not long continue and they backed various activities and various agencies in order to change the situation. One of the finest Y. M. C. A. buildings in the West was erected and equipped. Athletic sports for young men were promoted on a generous scale. High-school and college sports were strongly advocated. A number of new club buildings with gymnasiums were erected. In various ways the city planned for play time to benefit the people as a whole.

The program for the boys included the work of the Boy Scouts, but this did not function as well as had been expected. Then two years ago Butte Rotary formulated a plan and presented a program for the boys that has notably broken down the gang spirit in Butte and has given the boys of the city better employment for their spare time. The plan is not new, but its application by Rotary is new in this section, especially the cooperative features which have played a big part in the success of the work.

The Websters, runners-up in the 1926 championship basketball series





# Let's Talk It Over

## Employee Representation: Does It Pay?

By Richard D. Hebb

**"YOU'RE fired!"**

A foreman's grouch thus cost the company a good workman and the added expense of training a new man, because there was no appeal.

Jim Blunt was the foreman, and a good one, and Joe Szewich the unfortunate workman. Joe had been one of Jim's gang for nearly three years. He was a standby, but that morning he had presumed on his standing in the gang, to correct the foreman when the latter was giving instructions. Jim was wrong, Joe was right, but Jim, as foreman, had the best of it, and Joe left, to start all over again somewhere else.

That was several years ago. Today, Joe is back in Jim's gang, and glad to be there. He knows that there will be no more quick firing. Yet he has an added respect for his foreman, an added respect for the company, and a new zest in his work.

\* \* \*

All this was strikingly brought out at a meeting several months ago in Kansas City, when more than two hundred business executives gathered for a conference on employee relations. The conference was called by the American Management Association, and business of all kinds and descriptions was represented. The great American Telephone & Telegraph company sent a vice-president to represent it. The president of a conserve company in Indiana came himself to tell of his problems and how he had met them.

The lumber industry in the Pacific Northwest had a man there, and he told briefly something of the splendid work done in that industry. Several railroads added their testimony, and they were followed by the scion of a great house that manufactures harvesting machinery. The packing industry also was well represented.

Does employee representation pay? And if it does pay, who gets the money?

Does a foreman lose prestige if the employee knows he has a court of appeal?

Should the employees under such a plan be limited in respect to the questions they may consider?

Should there be a veto power?

Those are just a few of the hundreds of questions that came up for discussion. And they were talked over freely and frankly, without circumlocution.

Some of those in attendance had gone

because they had been asked to tell how they were meeting their labor problems. Others were there because they had labor problems to meet and had not yet reached a conclusion as to the best manner in which this could be done. And there were some of these latter who were not sure that they could listen to a discussion of one subject for two days and one evening without being, as one man expressed it, "bored to death." This same man afterwards said that he had been kept "on the edge of his chair" through the five sessions.

A wide diversity of opinion ruled both speakers and audience. Some felt that the limited plant assembly with only elected representatives (that is, members elected by the hourly paid and piece-work employees) was the better way. Others favored the evenly divided or fifty-fifty method of half elected and half appointed by the management. One corporation preferred the group method of representation, and the railroads had their own particular ways of solving their problems.

But underlying all the diversity of opinion was the firm belief that in employee representation lies the real solution of the labor problems of the United States. At the present time approximately one and three-quarters millions of workers are under the benefits of some plan of representation. These men are thus enabled to know some of the whys of business wherefores.

**T**HE old days when an employer knew each of his employees by name and took a personal interest in them passed a number of years ago. Various industries have grown so rapidly that instead of there being only two divisions, those of owners and workers, there has now arisen a third division separating these two, so that now we find the owner (or capital), the management, and the worker. And to complete a circle instead of having a triangle, the worker is frequently a part-owner.

The one underlying fundamental that was stressed by each speaker regardless of his division of the subject seemed to be that the direct contact afforded by employee-representation plans furnishes an advantage to industry that is reflected about equally to its three main branches; that is, capital, management and labor.

It furnishes capital and management with a means of learning the viewpoint of the employee. It thus enables the management to anticipate differences of opinion that may arise and in many cases thus to prevent the differences, or at least to present arguments that will explain satisfactorily the company's attitude on certain questions. It brings to the fore suggestions for betterment from men who deal directly with the product manufactured. It develops not only the mentality but the initiative of men, so that sometimes able executives are found in minor positions.

It has the advantage of offering to the management an opportunity of frank, open discussion of vexatious questions with employees, and of frequently finding the solution of these same questions by this discussion.

It offers to employees a means of direct contact with management and capital; a method of bringing to the management a question while it still is small, and of securing fair settlement; it offers a means also of bringing up for discussion the larger questions such as wages, hours, and working conditions, and of meeting the management on common ground in their discussion.

Various speakers stressed the value of such employee representation to the corporations they represented. As a means of cutting down expense, reducing losses from damaged goods, and increasing output, it was held to be without a peer.

The final speaker on the program brought out that the company should take advantage of such representation to give the employees advance information of what the company plans to do. He held that full co-operation could never be secured unless this is done.

The consensus of those who have used employee representation over a period of time was that while it may not offer a complete panacea for labor ills, it does offer capital, management and labor equal chance in the solution of such problems as arise affecting the three.

\* \* \*

And so Joe Szewich is once more in Jim Blunt's gang glad to be there. And Jim also is glad to have him.

# A Variety of Books

*History—Biography—Education—Business—Poetry*

**T**HE group of books I propose to write about this month are all on subjects of abiding interest and written for average readers who wish to keep their general intelligence alive and sharpened, and their fund of knowledge and belief growing.

America's foreign policy has never been more clearly in the public consciousness than in our time. The book on this theme which I have but lately laid down is Arthur H. Vandenberg's "The Trail of a Tradition" (Putnam's Sons). Many of us know the author as a writer on Alexander Hamilton and a special admirer of that statesman. The present status of the League of Nations and of the World Court in the American consciousness gives a certain timeliness to this book, for the special comfort, of course, of those who wish the United States to hold to its tradition of keeping aloof from European internal politics. Mr. Vandenberg traces what he believes to be a political tradition in American history, from Washington to Coolidge, of self-dependence in its dealings with foreign nations and preserving its co-operation with them, in enterprises of common interest, upon a purely voluntary basis. To this thesis he brings a study of successive events, including Washington's neutrality proclamation of 1793, which he regards as America's second declaration of independence; the Monroe Doctrine, consistently upheld and interpreted as a national policy; and the Covenant of the League as supported by President Wilson. He concludes that "Nationalism" is and has been the dominant American faith and leadership. He traces Wilson's earlier view as likewise nationalistic; but as the World War approached its conclusion and conditions of peace began to take root, the President presented a scheme of internationalism which failed because unacceptable to "traditional" Americans. The author writes well and with a good grip upon the materials of history that support his contention. There still remains, of course, the open-minded question of international co-operation and influence among nations and the perennial effort to find a more satisfactory basis for both than has yet prevailed.

What is common-sense, and what educational experience seems to induce

*By L. E. Robinson*

## Books Reviewed This Month

### THE TRAIL OF A TRADITION—

By Arthur H. Vandenberg.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

### COMMON SENSE AND ITS CULTIVATION—

By Dr. Hanbury Hankin.  
E. P. Dutton Company.

### MY FAITH IN IMMORTALITY—

By William E. Barton.  
Bobbs-Merrill Co.

### SELECTED POEMS

By Charles Hanson Towne.  
D. Appleton and Company.

### GETTING AHEAD IN THE BANK—

By Herbert Dee Ivey.  
Bobbs-Merrill Company.

### DOLLARS ONLY—

By Edward Bok. Charles  
Scribner's Sons.

it best? How is common-sense related to the business instinct and with experience in business success, and what may our educational systems learn from an investigation of the matter? This is the large and interesting adventure of Dr. Hanbury Hankin, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge University. His book, "Common Sense and Its Cultivation" (E. P. Dutton, New York) will interest every Rotarian school man as well as everyone interested in the thoughtful discussions in vogue about education to-day.

Dr. Hankin is right in accepting at once the distinction now made between the conscious and the subconscious mind. He finds that the business man's judgments spring out of his subconsciousness. In this basement floor of his mental life dwell his intuitions, his common-sense. Common-sense is getting at the truth, or presumably so, without the conscious process of reasoning from data. "Usually the business man shows an instinctive dislike for a reasoned argument," the author maintains. He believes, from testi-

mony, that juries depend upon common-sense in arriving at verdicts. Statesmen and business men often decide questions rapidly, without "sufficient data for the employment of formal reason." Formal reason, useful to the scholar and expert, may be detrimental to the journalist. Kitchener settled his military problems by instinct. He never thought things out. Lloyd George, whom Clemenceau thought the most ignorant man he had met, watching his associates at the Paris Peace Conference, judged "character, motive, and subconscious impulse, perceiving what each was thinking and even what each was going to say next." He did not rely upon formal data. The author will excite the reader's curiosity and doubtless his skepticism when he implies that formally educated men and investigators make poor administrators. He cites Henry Ford's remark that Edison is "easily the world's greatest scientist" and probably "the world's worst business man."

But what has this doctrine of common-sense and its cultivation to do with our "Educational Systems," which Dr. Hankin treats at length? The author is never dogmatic. He investigates only. He veers in the direction opposed to much current educational theory, especially that held in the United States. A subject pursued for the interest in it sticks to the consciousness, to the memory. It is not useful, as a rule, for the cultivation of common-sense. Subjects, like Latin and Greek, uninteresting in themselves, and hence calling for the expenditure of more effort, are soon forgotten; but they furnish a mental power by their formal discipline, which stores up in the subconsciousness whence it furnishes an ability and attitude to tackle new tasks and situations successfully. Hence, educational discipline, Dr. Hankin implies, should make the learner do "with energy what he does not do with interest." Furthermore, study too much prolonged is bad for initiative and business instinct. It would be better for the prospective business man to drop out of school at an early age, say fifteen or thereabouts. Again, common-sense opposes discoveries "that prove that existing beliefs are wrong," and welcomes knowledge that confirm existing beliefs. Even a crude re-

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# Using the Rotary Telescope

## Sixth Object Committees Suggested for Rotary Clubs

By Russell V. Williams

SOMEONE said the other day that he was convinced that if one were to read the Sixth Object of Rotary to a hundred Rotarians chosen at random, not over ten of them would recognize that object as having anything to do with the Rotary clubs they belonged to.

Many will fail to agree with such a statement. Be that as it may, it represents the honest conviction of one who has given day after day to the interests of Rotary, and who is withal a good business man. There must be some kernel of truth in his statement. Whether we are inclined to approve the exactness of the claim or not, let us ask ourselves—and answer without stopping to think the question over—just what our own Rotary club has done during the past year to contribute to a better understanding among Rotarians in all parts of the world.

"What has my club done during the past year to establish in me an *understanding* good will for Rotarians in all other nations?" For some, the answer will come readily enough. But for many, many thousands the answer will be: "Well, we—ahh—it—ahh—well, I guess nothing, directly." And that is not a condemnation of any club or any Rotarian. It is just a broad generalization of fact.

Certainly little is heard of what Rotary clubs are doing towards the direct advancement of the Sixth Object. There is our Business Methods Program, to be sure, whose ultimate aim is expressed in Rotary's Sixth Object. And it is obvious that by far the greatest single factor in determining the peace of the world is the ethical plane upon which business is conducted. But behind the conduct of business and outside of strictly commercial relations there are a multitude of factors that demand serious attention. It is these factors, and not commercial relations, that we are directly interested in here.

To cite an instance: In a public utterance sometime ago, the head of one government stated that his country had no ambitions for territorial expansion or for the exploitation of other peoples—that his countrymen wherever they went throughout the world in official or unofficial capacities, went not as *conquistadores* but as men whose aim as regards others was to do that which would be to the greatest benefit of all peoples. To make the position of his

country clear, he said something to this effect, "The legions she sends forth are armed not with the sword but with the cross. The higher state to which she seeks the allegiance of all mankind is not of human origin but of Divine." This was, to the mind of the speaker and his countrymen, clearly an impersonal or ex-parte statement. It was a plea to his own people to be peaceful, to be unselfish, to do good in the world.

But was it so received by other peoples? Not exactly. In its editorial columns a paper in the capital of a country on the opposite side of the globe, spoke of the "severity of the censure" passed "by implication upon the inferior nations"; and further, intimated that this government head had revealed his nation as "on a unique and unapproachable pinnacle of virtue, and the Gentiles beyond the pale can only veil their dazzled eyes and bow their feeble knees." "Christianity may be professed by other nations, but . . . alone has the real thing."

That is enough to give one a picture of what was in the mind of the writer of that editorial. He clearly considered the remarks of the government head as an irritant. In turn it may be said that his editorial hardly contributed to

international good-will. Had he been an active member, or had the publisher of the paper been an active member, of a Rotary club which had a definite and working plan for creating a sympathetic understanding of the peoples of other nations, would such an editorial ever have been written, or if written, published? If the writer had had a Rotary telescope he might have looked through it and got an understanding of the real thought in the mind of the man whose words irritated him.

THIS is only one of a multitude of instances that might be chosen to illustrate the almost unnoticed happenings common in our every-day life that tend to destroy instead of build up that understanding and good-will our Sixth Object binds us all to work for. As Rotarians, having faith in the practicality of the ideals expressed in the Code of Ethics and the Six Objects, we assuredly recognize that there is something tangible each club can do to advance the march towards the Sixth Object. Ultimately it is the force of public opinion that determines which practices in social, business, or political relations may stay, and which must go. An enlightened public opinion will support those policies, commercial and governmental, which preserve and promote international good will. The Rotary club is particularly fitted to take a leading part in building up such a body of public opinion. Such an opportunity will not long be overlooked by an alert and active club.

No special provision has been made to help those in charge of the club's affairs to lead and guide the club in the study of international relations. However, in a spirit of helpfulness to the clubs, the Board of Directors of Rotary International is suggesting that each club should create a "Sixth Object Committee" to which should be assigned the responsibility of leading and guiding the club in the study of international relations. It would interest the club in the doing of those practical things which will thwart influences tending toward ill-will among peoples, and contribute to a well-founded and sympathetic understanding among Rotarians of the world. Several clubs already have committees at work along this line.

Such a committee might report to

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THIS article was written in accordance with the decision of the Board of Directors of Rotary International that the attention of member clubs should be directed to the possibility of bettering international relations by means of Sixth Object committees in each club.

Some leading journalist once observed that the most important period in a war was not the actual duration of hostilities but the twenty-four hours immediately preceding the declaration of war. During this time the press and the orators have their chance to plead for arbitration or to feed the flame. Every day some individual in every town has a chance to do something for or against international good-will.





# EDITORIAL COMMENT

## *Palliatives Vs. Remedies*

JUST now there is a good deal of talk about disarmament—about world peace. It is fairly obvious that nations could disarm until they had no other weapons than those of Neanderthal men—but that would not necessarily bring world peace. There was fighting at the dawn of the world and probably will be at its close unless international sympathy prevents it.

Sympathy, however, to be of any use, must be understanding sympathy. Sheer sentiment may soothe momentarily but it becomes a nuisance when prolonged. The quiet aid of real appreciation is an ever-present help in time of trouble.

Therefore by way of promoting understanding—and hence world peace—we respectfully suggest more attention to the following matters:

First—an international movement for health; second—an international movement against crime; third—an international traffic code; fourth—an international business code; fifth—an international press association; and sixth—the development of international sports.

All of these matters are already receiving attention—but not as much of it as they deserve. Whatever rules and regulations may result from them need not necessarily be intricate—too many nations suffer from legal complexities already. The important thing is to have some starting points, some things on which the nations are substantially in agreement. Difficulties abound, but the project is not fantastic when we consider the possibilities of modern communication and modern research.

Once let the nations learn to work together, think together, and play together, the disarmament problem will solve itself. Until then the limitation of military, naval, and aircraft equipment is desirable as a palliative but is not a remedy. The money saved on armaments might well be devoted to such projects as we have outlined.

## *Are They Practical?*

ROTARY has ideals. Rotarians are men united in a common ideal of service. Are we merely dreamers or will our ideals work out in practice? There is only one answer to that question and it is that our ideals are practical and can be worked out in human life. There is only one way to prove the correctness of this assertion and that is for Rotarians, individually and collectively, but particularly individually, to practice in every possible way the ideals of Rotary or to engage in practices which will carry out the ideals of Rotary. The proof of Rotary ideals will be found in living them ourselves.

## *The Giddy Graduate*

IT is one of the popular misconceptions that the average college graduate emerges from school with one hand clutching his diploma and the other outstretched in expectation of a president's gavel. Anyone who knows student life at all intimately knows the fallacy of this popular idea. Quite often the reverse is true and the graduate, forewarned by the dismal mutterings of alumni, regards his future with apprehension if not positive fear.

Since this is the season when hordes of youngsters start on their business or professional careers, it is a good time to ask why this apprehension exists. Partially it is the universal fear of the unknown, the knowledge that one must step out of the little campus world into the maelstrom around it. Partially it is due to the fact that many students go to college with no definite idea of what they can make of themselves, take such courses as overworked registration assistants suggest—and keep on taking courses that make no particular appeal because one must take something. Partially also, it is because many students enter college before they have really tested themselves at any vocation, and consequently have no idea what they can or cannot do in the world. Add to this the fact that some men go to college not for any special love of study, but because it is the thing to do in their social circle, and you have some of the main reasons for graduation misgivings.

All of this is senseless—and most of it is unnecessary. The blame, however, cannot all be laid on the student himself. His parents, teachers and the adult world in general could have done much to prevent this waste. It was not all waste in any case, for some education will filter in wherever it has the least chance—and youths are very good at mutual education. But the colleges cannot do their best without public co-operation, and must not be blamed if they make bad doctors out of good mechanics when parents insist on having doctors.

No country in the world has yet developed a series of tests which shall be applied in successive schools and shall show the student's fitness for various kinds of work at various ages. Possibly such a series of tests is not to be had, but if it could be achieved we might mobilize our manpower where it would do the most good. The alternative is a blind alley job for all misfits, and the graduate may well dislike this prospect.

So we have the giddy graduate—not giddy with the sense of power as is popularly supposed—but dazed by the apparent futility of hard work. Too often his vertigo comes from gazing on the pleasing prospect his elders have prepared—a vista calculated to ruin his self-reliance as well as his conceit.

# ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*



This group picture was taken on the occasion of the first Conference of South African Rotary Clubs. At this conference it was decided to ask for the organization of a Rotary district in South Africa, which district was established on the first of April. The inset portrait is that of R. W. Rusterholz, honorary special commissioner for South Africa, and now governor of the Fifty-fifth District. The first man seated on the right is J. C. Innes, honorary treasurer of R. I. B. I., who recently led a party of British Rotarians on a trip through South Africa

## Equip Athletic Field For City

TAMPICO, MEXICO—On May 9th a combined field day and baseball game among Tampico Rotarians marked the opening of the Rotary Athletic Field which was equipped at a cost of 10,000 pesos (\$5,000) and turned over to the city. The field has a baseball diamond; a football field, a running track, tennis courts, basketball court, and a playground for children under ten years of age. It adjoins the Chairel bath-houses and this combination makes possible joint field and water meets, as well as boating and fishing. The athletic field will be chiefly used by the Exploradores Mexicanos (Scouts), boys of the public schools, and Rotarians. A junior baseball league has been formed with teams in twelve schools. Rotarian I. R. Lines, immediate past secretary, deserves credit for organizing the movement to present the field.

## Help In Vocational Work For Cripples

WILMINGTON, N. C. — Thirty-three indigent cripples, of whom thirty-two are susceptible to treatment, attended the first orthopaedic clinic held here under the combined auspices of the local Rotary club and the state department of vocational education. The club agreed to defray certain expenses in connection with the clinics which are held every 30 days in the laboratory of the board of health. A local hospital furnishes nursing service without cost. Those patients who can be taught a trade and made self-supporting are taken in charge by the vocational education department. The assistance of Rotary clubs at Whiteville, N. C., and Warsaw, N. C., was enlisted to bring in patients from the nine counties of eastern North Carolina which are served by the clinic.

## Distinguished Surgeon Passes On

DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA—Practically the whole population of Durban lost a

friend by the passing of S. G. Campbell, C.M.G., M.D., C.M., F.R.C.S. Dr. Campbell was born in South Africa and received part of his education there before studying medicine at Edinburgh. He came to Durban in 1882 and returned to Scotland to



S. G. Campbell

to marry before entering on his very successful practice in South Africa. During the past forty years he held many important civic posts and was an untiring worker for educational and medical progress. He was a medical officer



This group picture was taken during the conference of Fifty-third District Rotarians (New Zealand) attended by more than 300 delegates and visitors. Some of those who were among the most prominent guests present are indicated in the front row. Left to right, are (1) A. J. Hutchinson, honorary secretary of the Rotary Club of Auckland; (2) George Fowlds, of Auckland, former special commissioner; (3) Frank Lamb, of Hoquiam, Washington, former vice-president of Rotary International; (4) Everett Hill, of Oklahoma

at the siege of Ladysmith and served with the Colonial infantry in the Native Rebellion of 1906. During the World War he did much to make the passing troops more comfortable. As a speaker he was noted for his wit; as a sportsman he was a former Rugby "blue" and adept at cricket, shooting, angling, and bowling. He was one of the chief organizers and first president of the Natal Technical College, and it was for his services to education in Natal that the C. M. G. was conferred upon him two years ago. Amongst the organizations which engaged his active interest was the local Rotary club where he was president since the inception.

#### *Plant 10,000 Seedlings In One Hour*

PENN YAN, N. Y.—Clad in overalls and armed with spades and mattocks, practically every member of Penn Yan Rotary arrived at Lake Keuka where ten acres of land were recently donated to the club for reforestation purposes. The business men were aided by 100 Boy Scouts and working together the men and boys planted 10,000 spruce and pine seedlings in schedule time, 100 plants going into the earth every 30 seconds. Several of the men had lame

backs and weary legs the following day, but there was some compensation in the knowledge that the initial work of their reforestation program had been done, and that there will be so much more timber for future generations to use.

#### *Club With 26 Members Wins District Attendance Cup*

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.—In 1924 twelve members of the local Rotary club travelled the 900 miles to San Jose, California, to attend the district conference. The following year 26 Las Vegas Rotarians, the total membership, went 425 miles to Fresno for the same purpose. This year 26 members again scored 100 per cent for their club when they reached San Diego, California, and won the attendance cup for the third time—it is now their permanent possession. The members have travelled a total distance of 31,160 miles to make this record. Realizing the benefit of attendance of these conferences, the Las Vegas club has decided to donate another cup to be awarded for attendance at future conferences of the Second District.

#### *Another Invitation for Exposition Visitors*

PHOENIXVILLE, PA.—To visit the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia without seeing Valley Forge is like going fishing without bait. So at least declare the Rotarians of Phoenixville who live near the Valley Forge hills and hope to see many visiting members while the Exposition is in progress. Valley Forge is 25 miles from Philadelphia and the roads are good. Washington's headquarters, a secret passage to the river, and a museum await your inspection. The Phoenixville club holds its summer meetings at the Washington Inn at 12:15 daylight time, evening meetings at 6:15 on July 26th and Aug. 30th.

#### *Victoria Day Celebration Is a Success*

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.—Victoria Day, celebrated here with a military parade, a callithumpian parade, civil and military field sports, a band tournament, and numerous dances, also provided new funds for the projects of Woodstock Rotarians who arranged most of the main events. Reports on one activity alone showed that there would be





City, Oklahoma, immediate past president of Rotary International; (5) W. E. Herbert, of Wellington, N. Z., district governor; (6) William M'Connell, past president of Dublin Rotary; and (7) Charles Rhodes, of Auckland, N. Z., former director of Rotary International. Doubtless the three days of fellowship and frank discussions will stimulate the fifteen New Zealand clubs to even greater effort than they have made since Rotary first came to the Antipodes. The program was noted for its interest and variety.

\$800 for the Crippled Children's Fund, and many sources of revenue will probably show as good results.

The celebration began when a troop train came in with militia regiments from Galt, Guelph and Kitchener and their bands. These were joined by the local regiment and for the first time since the World War the populace saw a full infantry brigade on parade. Seven bands provided music for the parade and there were scores of floats to entertain the crowds that surged over the sidewalks. The small boys with firecrackers did their share to keep things lively.

#### **Entertain 69 Farm Boys At Luncheon**

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Recently the local Rotarians entertained 69 farm boys. Each of the guests was a member of some farm club, and each Rotarian had sponsored one of the boys. The business men agreed to visit the farms, to offer any advice or financial help that the boys might need in completing their projects. The boys agreed to visit their individual hosts at their offices within the next month and to report progress. After the luncheon the boys were entertained with a suitable movie. Some of

the lads had never been in the city before, and the program committee (which includes the county demonstration agent) feels that good results will be secured from this cooperative effort.

#### **Club Promotes County Enterprises**

LAGRANGE, GA.—The Rotary Club of LaGrange agreed to lend \$10 to each of fifty Troup County boys for the financing of a Pig Club. Each boy will sign a note for the amount and will pay 6 per cent interest on the loan. The Rotarians have also been active in a campaign to raise \$25,000 for a library as a memorial to World War heroes.

#### **Seventy-five Members Attend Every Meeting of Year**

DETROIT, MICH.—The annual report of the Detroit Rotary Club shows that 75 of the 343 members have made a perfect attendance for one or more years. One member—Tom Henry—had a record of 595 consecutive meetings; and another—Gunnar Wikander—had attended 646 consecutive meetings.

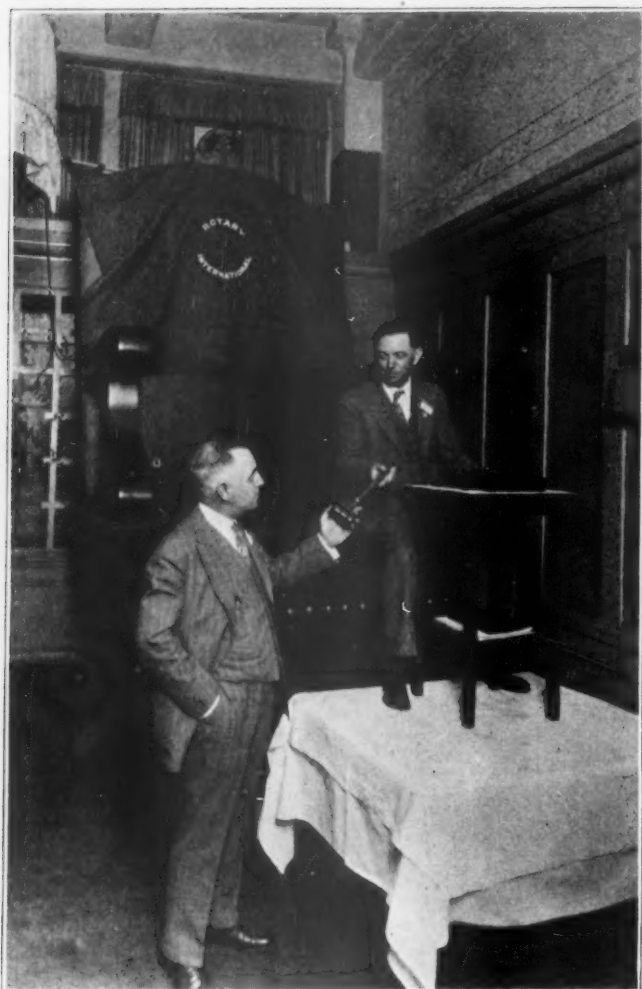
The report also showed that \$6,310 or more than one quarter of the club's total disbursements for the year, was devoted to welfare work.

#### **Invite Fellow-Members To Visit Them**

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—The local Rotarians hope to be visited by many of their fellow-members from other cities who will attend the Sesqui-centennial celebration at Philadelphia. Charlottesville has many historic associations of its own, and here is located Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, which is to be presented to the nation in honor of the sesqui-centennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and the centenary of the death of the author of that document.

#### **Discoveries Follow Thick and Fast**

OWENTON, KY.—What can be done when a community agrees on a plan of service was demonstrated when Owenton Rotary made plans for a Boys' Week that should reach all parts of the county. Community jealousies were forgotten and 42 prizes were donated by various business men for the different events of the week. Other discoveries made by Owenton Rotarians followed the announcement that each of the fourteen candidates for club office must make a speech on his own behalf—some unexpected talent was revealed.



Elmer Reynolds, the new president of the Rotary Club of Stockton, Cal., occupies—even if he does not fill—the largest chair in the world. His fellow members conducted him to this revolving chair with due ceremony, and told him to take charge of a club which has led Class B clubs in attendance for many months. The picture shows Don Meek, retiring president, handing over the gavel.

the club and has asked each to be ready to appear on some Tuesday of a designated month. The last meeting of the month is tentatively held open for these men unless some other engagement interferes. In that case the Program Committee turns to its second line of defence—a number of past presidents who have been asked to be ready to fill any vacancies that may occur within a given two months. The other past presidents will give the welcoming addresses when new members are introduced.

Although the scheme has only been in operation for about a month the Program Committee is already refusing further dates because they have arrangements made for 90 days in advance.

### *Important Posts Go To Members of Small Club*

HOBART, TASMANIA.—Two posts that offer exceptional chances for community services have been given to Hobart Rotarians. H. W. Gepp, president of the local club in 1925, has been made Commissioner of Immigration and Development at a salary of \$25,000 per annum; and J. H. Butters has been made Chairman of the Commission which is laying out the new Federal Capital at Canberra. His annual salary is \$15,000.

The Hobart club has only 50 members.

### *Program Committee Enlists Service of 130*

MILWAUKEE, WIS. — The Program Committee of Milwaukee Rotary has a plan for securing 52 good speakers per annum—and incidentally greater interest among the members. The committee has divided the club membership into 26 major classifications, such as transportation, retail haberdashery, public-service corporations, etc. From the club members, five have been selected for each classification—one to be chairman. Each quintet is to meet and secure the speaker for one club meeting. It is thought that almost any five business men have a sufficiently wide acquaintance to enable them to induce some man of affairs to undertake the speaking. The newspapermen, for instance, can combine to secure an international correspondent—where an ordinary committee might not be able to get him. The public service corporation men might unite to bring in an eminent engineer, and so on.

This method also interests 130 members in the program—and therefore in Rotary. Some disappointments are inevitable because the time of influential men is not always at their own disposal. As a first reserve the Program Committee has selected capable members of

Three years ago the Rotary Club of Houston, Texas, launched an educational campaign to get picnickers and campers to clean up debris, put out fires, spare wild flowers and birds. Signs like this 10 x 14 inch specimen, and larger, are placed at tourist camps around Houston. Transportation companies give car space to the signs, and the press co-operates.

## HELP MAKE THE OUTDOORS MORE BEAUTIFUL

**Spare the  
Trees and Wildflowers**

When Picnicing  
Clean up Your Camp  
Put Out Your Fires

Remember  
The  
Other Fellow

## ROTARY CLUB of HOUSTON

### Organize Masquerades At Skating Rink

QUEBEC, QUE. — During the last year the Quebec Rotarians have been encouraging outdoor sport for children. They have built and maintained one skating rink and given financial aid to other rinks. They also purchased hockey equipment for several juvenile clubs. Two masquerades were held on the Rotary Ring which were greatly enjoyed by the youngsters.

### Leaders in Rotary Visit New Zealand

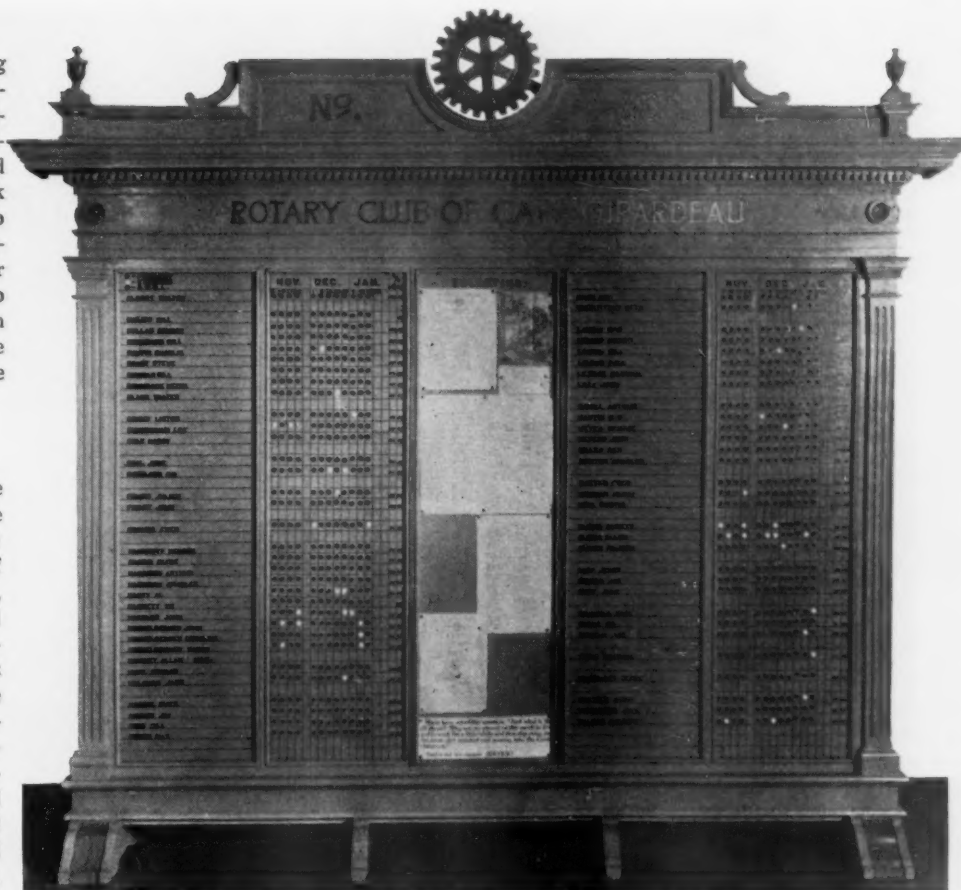
WELLINGTON, N. Z.—The local Rotary club had the largest representation (35) at the annual conference of New Zealand Rotary Clubs, held in Dunedin. Auckland was a close second. In addition the Wellington club sent a good deputation to the charter meeting at Masterton where a new club received its charter from Everett Hill, Past International President, and some practical suggestions from him, and from William M'Connell, Past President of R. I. B. I., and from Governor Will Herbert. At the Wellington club's luncheon next day these three heard some good singing and the two overseas Rotarians were presented with greenstone paper knives, suitably inscribed. By a happy coincidence Frank Lamb, former member of the Board, was also traveling in New Zealand and was able to attend the district conference. Everett Hill and William M'Connell left soon afterwards for Melbourne and the annual conference of Australian Rotary.

### Hold Tenth Annual "Farmers' Day"

JACKSON, MICH.—For the past ten years the Rotarians of this city have held on annual "farmers' day" for the purpose of getting better acquainted with their rural neighbors. This year each Rotarian brought one or more farmers to the meeting and in addition the club invited the County Supervisors. The chief speaker was the head of an agricultural research department and both farmers and townfolk profited by the information he gave and by the fellowship engendered.

### 400 Pay Tribute To District Governor

TRENTON, N. J.—Despite a mixture of snow, hail, sleet, rain, thunder, and lightning, that jeopardized nearly every form of travel, 400 Rotarians of the



The Rotarians of Cape Girardeau, Mo., maintain that they have the handsomest and most serviceable attendance board in Rotary—and being from Missouri they demand proof to the contrary. It was presented by Kay Knox, an architect, and has five panels four of which are under glass. Various sorts of stickers show the member's name, his attendance, his percentage for the two previous quarters, and in the center is a place for bulletins. Changes are made by removing stickers and inserting others. The club finds that the board stimulates attendance.

Thirty-sixth District came from all parts of New Jersey to honor their District Governor, Pete Emmons. If the weather had been better the attendance would have been much greater. As it was Pete's congregation was considerably larger than usual and later he heard a lot of nice things about himself when the Rotarians gathered for a dinner.

### See Exhibit Of Telephone Work

WEBSTER GROVES, MO.—The fiftieth anniversary of the telephone's practical use was celebrated by local Rotarians and Rotary Anns with an exhibit staged by employees of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. At one end of the room a bell eleven feet high and colored by more than 10,000 cornflowers was erected. It furnished the setting for a small stage on which the employees played the parts of Alexander Graham Bell; a military signalman; a typical "central" girl; the girl on the company's flag; and Miss Columbia. Suitable explanations were given in verse as the action proceeded.

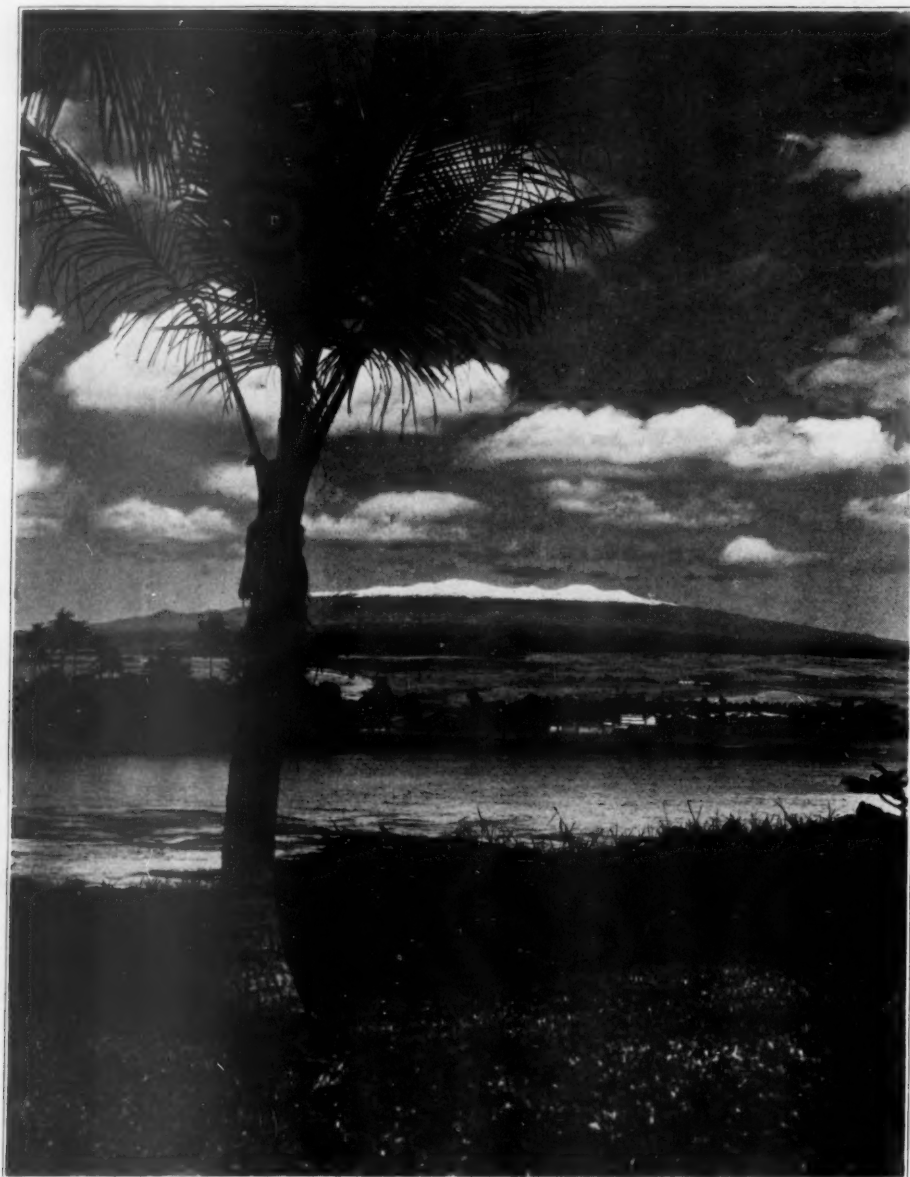
The audience was greatly interested in the story of Sally Rooke, operator heroine of Folsom, N. M., of Alexander Graham Bell's striving, and in the signalman's details of an attack on an imaginary headquarters.

### Another Blind Musician Is Member

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—In the March number, John M. Baer, blind musician, was mentioned as a Rotarian of Ashland, Wis. Now we learn that Professor Roderick M. Fraser, another blind musician, is also a Rotarian in his native city of New Glasgow, N. S. He has had the advantages of careful training and though blind from birth has made a reputation as organist of a large church and a teacher of piano-forte. He went about town unaided and was always ready to lead the club in its singing. A few months ago he fell ill and had to enter a tuberculosis sanitarium. He is cheered by the knowledge that his many friends are doing everything they can to help him to new health.

(Continued on page 44)





Mauna Loa, austere, beautiful, highest peak in the Pacific, with the city of Hilo in the foreground.

# Keeping Up With Mauna Loa

*By B. D. Chilson*

**P**ERHAPS not more than an average of one in a thousand—more or less—of the great army of Rotarians in this broad international world ever heard of Hilo (Hee-lo, please), the Crescent City of Hawaii, the Big Island of the Mid-Pacific Cross Roads territory of Uncle Sam's.

And then when one does hear of the place they wonder what kind of a grass-hut village it is and think of it in terms of hula girls, coconut palms and primitive jungle, the whole perhaps being a little atoll with a wave-washed strand of white coral.

Forget it. Hula girls are only a fic-

titious delusion; coconut palms are almost a novelty; the jungle is far off the beaten track, and in place of coral sands are beetling cliffs or else reaches of jagged lava encircling an island a hundred and fifty miles across, which is capped by two huge domes close to fourteen thousand feet high.

Hilo itself is a home-like town of 12,000 population; it is modern, improved, and up-to-date, and boasts thirty-one loyal subscribers to the motto "E Hookua'wa, Aole No Ka Uku," or "Service Above Self." These members publish a club paper, "The Lava Flow." The regular issues of this paper not only contain live news of Rotary doings

but also frequently contain reports of special talks, given at the club, on topics of general interest. Occasionally there is something given about volcanics and such things as the title of the club paper suggests.

Lava, you see, is something these Hilo Rotarians know a good deal about at first hand. Hence this mention of the subject.

All the world recently heard about how Mauna Loa cracked open and sent a stream of molten rock pouring fifteen miles down to the sea and burying an Hawaiian village which lay in its course. And back of that news story lies another story of how the news was

gathered and how this brought home the Rotary motto.

The great outbreak of the lava stream occurred on a Wednesday evening. The Hilo Rotarians were at dinner when the telephone rang for two members in the newspaper classification. This did not take them by surprise, because the outbreak was looked for, having been presaged by a great volcanic eruption near the summit of the mountain the Saturday previous. So through the service rendered by Rotarian Leslie Branch's company, his telephone operators knew where to get in touch with the newspaper duo at any time of day or night wherever they might be.

"Long distance" was on the line and within five minutes reports had been received in full from several places from 60 to 120 miles away. While the rest of the diners were being served with dessert, they were given the news of the outbreak and then with their own dinners unfinished these newspaper men announced "We're on the job," and rushed away, one to the plant and the other to the scene of activities.

Rotarian Frank Cody was the one who engineered the whole plan for news-gathering, and, while his co-worker remained at his post for a thirty-six hour stretch taking long-distance calls and putting them out for Associated Press wireless to the world, Cody gathered up one of his best reporters and raced off through the night.

Then followed four strenuous days and nights during which the party

never saw a bed but caught a few intervals of sleep in their automobile or a few fitful winks on the hard and rough lava which covers much of the region they were in. The flow was in the forest, miles above civilization, but working its way down towards the government belt road, which it reached at 12:25 Friday afternoon.

This was a critical time to choose which side of the flow to remain on. Cody chose the north side for his party, while all other news-gatherers, scientists, photographers, and tourists chose the south side, largely for the reason that it was closest to Hilo, a distance of 92 miles by road.

Three hours after crossing the road the flow engulfed the first dwelling to be destroyed and then soon afterwards buried a Catholic church and cemetery under forty feet of glowing slag. After witnessing these disasters, the party proceeded to the sea shore three miles away in the direction of Hoopuloa.

At this village the lava came down

and destroyed the first building at 5:15 Sunday morning and at 6:21 the lava flow reached the sea where it destroyed a small wharf and other property, so that in less than two hours there was not a vestige of the once pretty village left. A field of sharp, black slag fifty feet deep and nearly a mile wide now covers the spot.

THE first news and news picture of fire and destruction by the Honomalino flow, as the country above Hoopuloa is called, were broadcast by Frank Cody and his party, representing the *Hilo Tribune-Herald*, Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, and the Associated Press, and U. S. Navy.

The news dispatches were transmitted by field telephone from the spot to the *Tribune-Herald* at Hilo, thence by wireless to the *Star-Bulletin* in Honolulu whence they were relayed to the world by the Associated Press.

The story of the making and transmission of the negatives for the pictures is not so simple. The *Tribune-Herald* car with Cody and his party, together with their equipment, was the first to reach the flow and was the only one to remain at the scene continuously, keeping just ahead of the lava all the time. All others as before mentioned were cut off from the activities when the lava crossed the road.

The camera equipment consisted of three movies and five stills. The first day's "shooting" at the destruction of Kaanana's house, the one mentioned above, exhausted the film supply from the large still cameras and an S. O. S. was sent to Hilo and Honolulu for more film. An army plane was immediately dispatched from Honolulu with supplies which never reached the

(Continued on page 43)



The Oahu Golf and Country Club near Honolulu showing curious lava formation.



The bubbling crater of Kilauea, near Hilo, another of Hawaii's volcanic wonders.

## A Variety of Books

(Continued from page 28)

ligion, distasteful to trained reason, seems suited to the development of a child's moral character. The relentless warfare stories in the Old Testament seem to induce moral prepossessions.

The book is so novel and interesting in its method and outlook that it will provoke moods of amusement as well as profound seriousness. An educated observer of life will lay it down with a feeling that, although much of its data lead to the author's apparent conclusions, his area of investigation among highly trained minds in the schools has not been inclusive enough to generalize safely upon their fitness for administrative functions. There is something very elusive about instinct as well as about the mental diet we are fed upon. Even so, there is a lot of native curiosity in the human mind which will never rest content with the *status quo* in either education or business.

I HAVE long since come to the conclusion that, as the level of intelligence rises, the more men reflect to themselves upon the big question of individual immortality. This is but natural. The life we live and function with in our several vocations becomes more significant to us the wider we become acquainted with it in experience. We become more curious about matter and mind and their destiny the more knowledge we have of each other and of the creative process that take place under our observing eyes. Some of us have faith in personal survival after death because we inherently feel we have ideals and plans we can but touch upon in this life and that mind is infinitely more important than matter. Tennyson, fighting out the matter in the face of his study of modern science, was indignant at the very thought that this life ends our existence. St. Paul felt as keenly about it and regarded the absence of hope in immortality as misery. Not so Goethe. He inclined to think existence a duty, if but for a moment. Not everyone writing about the matter is able to avoid sentimental prepossessions, utterly worthless. The book I have read every word of on this subject is by a Rotarian, Dr. William E. Barton, entitled "My Faith in Immortality" (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.).

Dr. Barton writes about the matter as a modern man would write about a modern question. He begins with the wonder about immortality and closes

his book with a very human consideration of Heaven. Men, he believes, are "incurably religious;" life itself is Power, and inertia gives way to growth; faith in goodness gives faith in immortality; the order of the physical world implies purpose in its Creator; life is a weaving machine, and man is both weaver and journeying inquirer; faith in immortality is a precious possession to him who can afford it, but charity is still more precious; some believers in it have not faith enough to nourish a doubt; of some doubters the Lord might say, "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel." The book contains no denunciation of the man whom many comfortably call infidel; he may be only agnostic. The book is rendered the more worth reading because the author has an acquaintance with literature and modern science and finds the growth of cosmic processes no barrier to his assurances of personal immortality. The doctrine of evolution, the author believes, supports rather than antagonizes the hope of immortality. The man who is not too complacent in his views already will find much in this excellent book to encourage his intelligent faith in the Creator and his ways with men.

I DO not thrill over reading verse or fiction unless I am lured by something exceptionally valuable in art and content. I have found it pleasurable and useful to read Charles Hanson Towne's "Selected Poems" (Appleton and Company), which I am selecting, out of several books of poems I have enjoyed, for comment this month. The initial poem of this volume, "The Quiet Singer," is in memory of Francis Thompson and is a beautiful short monody. The great performance, however, is "Manhattan," to the memory of William Dean Howells, and is both an artistic and excellent interpretation of New York. One sees the soul of the city—the physical city in its strength and innocence, as well as the social and industrial city, where human life swarms under the impulses common to the hives of humanity. I feel like urging every man to read this poem for its insight, its phraseology, and the dual pull made upon a sensitive human being both by the friendly Nature he knew as a boy in the country, and the conflicting stimuli of the vast city that he feels must always be home for him. There comes the reconciliation of a great commercial center to the finer development of soul:

"Man's greatest miracle is accomplished here.

Steeple and dome he hurls high in the air,

Until, like dreams in marble and in stone,

They lift their wonder to a world amazed.

Behind the poem is the poet's soul;  
Behind the canvas throbs the artist's heart;

Behind all music lie unfathomed tones  
Known only dimly to one Master mind."

Implicit in this poem of reach and grasp lies something genuine in the interpretation of life, always tending toward mass expression and struggle. But there are many other thoughtful poems in this precious little volume, among them the poem, "Around the Corner, I Have a Friend," deservedly famous, verses that every Rotarian ought to treasure in his memory. I find I can reread the many selections with stimulus, and I have stamped my name in this as a volume to keep.

HERBERT DEE IVEY, vice-president of a national bank in Los Angeles, has written "Getting Ahead in the Bank" (Bobbs-Merrill Company.) This is a little manual written to guide the army of young men and women in different departments of banking houses who find it difficult to adjust themselves to the enlarging demands of business, changing laws and customs, and under stressful conditions feel the need of a practical source of advice on many minute questions. The author writes in full sympathy for the subordinate's needs, since he himself traversed the road from messenger to vice-president. The excellent and extended glossary of banking terms which concludes the volume adds greatly to its value for the bank patron as well as for the employee.

Edward Bok's book, "Dollars Only," (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a timely tonic for American business men, who, we all know, have long been suspected of the single impulse to make money. This book shows what "a grave misconception" this notion is. Business and industry foster moral forces nothing else will so much develop. Business finds an outlet in encouraging art; it likes to make great contributions to public and social service in one form or another. Strong men enter business because, like Napoleon, they find the happiness of their lives in making circumstances. It is a book to read after a hard day's work in the office.



# Industrial Securities

## Some Considerations for the Investor

By John P. Mullen

Assistant Educational Director, Investment Bankers' Association of America

**I**N THE late months of 1924, radio was popularly regarded as the bonanza of American industries. Certainly it looked very promising on the surface. In a very few years this industry had grown to enormous proportions—grown so fast, in fact, that even the Department of Commerce at Washington, with all its facilities for the collection of financial facts, could not accurately measure its size. There were about 130 companies engaged in the manufacture of radio sets, nearly 3,000 manufacturers of radio parts, and seemingly enough prosperity to go around. One of the largest manufacturing concerns was doing a gross business that neared the fifty-million-dollar-a-year mark. Purchases of radio sets and parts in that year amounted to approximately \$350,000,000, which meant that the American people were spending one-quarter as much for this utility as for shoes. It was also evident that a lot of people were making money in radio. Thousands of others were keyed to a high state of mental excitement by the prospects of greater future profits in the business. As a result, millions of shares of radio stocks were sold at peak prices, and for a considerable period the country saw a new company enter the field daily.

Then, early in 1925, the crash came. It was suddenly discovered that of the 130 companies engaged in making radio sets about six did half of the 1924 business. There was an evident overcrowding in the field. Inventories were at a peak, and the market had not fulfilled expectations. Manufacturers rushed to unload, and hundreds of thousands of sets were sold at cut prices—in many cases, below actual cost. A number of companies were forced into bankruptcy, and, as inevitably happens, there followed a sharp decline in the common-stock market value of practically the whole industry. Thousands of individuals who bought radio stocks at peak prices after little or no investigation, have lost millions of dollars to date, together with their hopes of getting rich simply and quickly. While this depreciation was undoubtedly aggravated to some extent by the late general bear market, it is no less directly traceable to conditions within the industry itself, the stress of competition, poor management, and, in many instances, lack of sufficient assets.

These conditions which have marked

the history of the radio industry are, however, in no way peculiar to that business. The elimination of the unfit, reorganizations, receiverships, inventory troubles, and fits and starts of prosperity have been common, and, undoubtedly will continue to be common, to the first development stages of every field of industrial enterprise. There is a parallel in the automobile business. In a quarter of a century about 350 concerns have entered the automobile manufacturing field, every one with a firm intention and ardent hope of succeeding. Last year there was a total of 176 companies in the industry, about ten of whom manufactured and sold nearly 92 per cent of all the cars and trucks built in the United States.

There is written into the past record of these two great industries, and of the industrial field as a whole, a very obvious lesson for the investor. Industry in its very nature is hazardous. Unlike the public utilities and the railroads, industrial corporations are free agents in business. As long as they do not break the few laws which govern their activities, they can do pretty much as they please. This liberty, however, carries with it a great many responsibilities. They are not immune

from competition. They are not considered natural monopolies, as are the public utilities. No state determines what their profits may be. They are, without the protection of regulation, more quickly affected by those internal and external variables which are more within the control of public utility and railroad management. Subjection to greater risk is the price that industrials pay for immunity from regulation. It is this quality of liberty, too, which sometimes makes industrial corporations more attractive to speculators than to investors for there is always the hope, generally futile, of large and quick profits. And it is in the nature of things that inexperienced investors in radio, automobiles, and some other hundred thousand companies engaged in the manufacturing, extractive or distributing businesses are more inclined to look to the large profits industrials may reap rather than to the risks these enterprises incur as free agents.

**T**HE first and most important thing for the investor in an industrial corporation to know is the present and future risks he is called upon to assume either as a creditor or as partner. Some risk is always present. Its degree depends, very largely, upon the ability of the management to weather successfully all the storms of depression and meet present and future competition. It is greatest, obviously, in new and untried ventures, since, except in a few extraordinary cases, the unknown factors are so numerous and so dominant in new fields of business. Even a cursory survey of any industrial field will show that it is necessary to set up in that field an infinitely larger number of failures against a relatively small number of enterprises that have achieved success. The general conclusion to be drawn here is that those who would be inconvenienced by loss or who have little or no means of getting specific information should not put their money into industrial corporations in the early stages. New ventures, even those purely experimental, are economic necessities, and must be financed, but their financing should be done only by those who are equipped financially and intellectually to do so. It is very probable that there would be fewer real tragedies written around the radio and automobile industries had the thousands who rushed to place their savings been more concerned with the risks they

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**N**EW industries are a very fascinating field for the investor, and especially for the inexperienced investor. Optimism sees a clear profit where none exists and not infrequently the investor buys stock that will never pay dividends.

How to avoid unlucky investments and still to take advantage of the real opportunities that new industries provide is the theme of this article, another of a series on financial topics. The investor must always take some risks but need not take too many. This article tells you some of the criteria used by bankers and others to estimate the value of industrial securities.

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were taking than with the profits of which they dreamed.

Even after an industrial concern has passed the experimental stage, risk is ever-present. A few of these hazards may be noted. The product may go out of fashion or a substitute may be developed. The pages of industrial history are filled with records of companies overtaken by changes which made their products or processes obsolete and forced them to drop by the wayside. The hair-net and hair-pin industries, for instance, were severely hit when bobbed hair became the vogue. A very common hazard is improvement in method whereby one concern makes a given product at less cost than its competitor, and subsequently cuts the price. Another hazard is the shift of geographical relationships between factory and market. These and hundreds of other internal and external factors constantly stand in the way of profits and continued existence. Progress creates constant change. The carriage industry gave way to the automobile business, and the automobile business absorbed it. So the products and processes of today will be supplanted by those of tomorrow. Only those companies which make provision for or adapt themselves to changing conditions can hope to succeed.

The best insurance that the investor can find against these business risks is honest, capable management. These enterprises that have fared well in the radio industry, in the automobile business and in every other phase of industrial endeavor have depended almost solely upon good management. If the management of a given enterprise rests in the hands of men skilled in its particular field and familiar with the intricate problems of that particular enterprise, nine times out of ten the business will prosper. For this reason the investor should give early attention to the executives who will handle his money. He will find their ability reflected in the earnings record of the corporation, in the manner in which they have met competition, and the success with which they have guided the business through periodic years of depression. He can test management further by looking to the way it is guarding against future emergencies, developing new markets, carrying on a program of research, and adapting itself to changing conditions. And when the investor has determined the progressiveness and ability of the present management, he should make certain that it is likely to remain in control through a number of years.

If the investor finds that it is not possible for him to make a personal investigation of the management or to

form a sound opinion of its merits, he should carry his problem to a banker or business man capable of forming an unbiased opinion. But under no circumstance should he overlook this important factor. It is one of the best tests of prospective earning power which, in turn, is the principal test of the value of any industrial security.

**W**HATEVER the form or type of industrial security the investor may choose, he should pay careful attention to earnings records, and earnings prospects, based on the ability of the management, the probable demand for the product and the economic advantage of the company in its field. He should determine its present earnings in relation to fixed charges, what this ratio has been over an average of good and bad years. Is the balance between fixed capital and working capital maintained at the proper point? Is there danger of over-expansion? Are the instruments used in the financing of this enterprise properly adapted to the needs and nature of this particular concern? Does its financing allow that flexibility necessary to meet fluctuations in income? What is the company's ability to borrow money from the banks to cover its reasonable requirements, and what is the manner in which it handles its liabilities to trade creditors? The ability to secure short-time credit on proper terms is a factor of great importance. Has this industry an assured supply of raw materials, preferably under its own control? Can this company stand on its own legs, or does it require the support of a protective tariff? Is its product essential and likely to remain so? Is this corporation required to issue a report, and if not what means have I of keeping watch over my investments?

All of these questions and many more are very relevant in an analysis of industrial securities. The whole attempt is directed to judge prospective earning power under the worst conditions probable, and in this purpose the investor must go beyond what a balance sheet, earnings report or engineer's appraisal can reach. There is no rule-of-thumb to follow. Factors unimportant to one industry may be very vital to another. The only sound method to follow is to unearth all the factors that affect or may affect a particular corporation, and then judge the value of the investment in the light of these factors. Such a task is almost humanly impossible for the average investor, who must then rely for these opinions upon the reputation and ability of his banker or the investment houses handling the securities.

There is a wide selection of securities in the industrial field, running the

whole gamut from sound investments, and sensible speculations to the extremely hazardous and wild-cat. There is no better security than that of a good industrial, and there is no worse than that of a poor industrial. If the investor's choice is a bond, he should remember that the earnings of most industrial corporations fluctuate, and make certain that the fixed charges out of which his interest must be paid will be earned regularly by a good margin. The bondholder, whose aim is security, desires stability of earnings, and this can usually be found only in established, well-managed companies. Then, too, he should know the value of the mortgaged property, that this property will continue useful, and that it would be readily salable in the event of default. Moreover, he will take into consideration the life of the loan.

If he buys stock, common or preferred, he should remember that by so doing he becomes a partner, and as such assumes all the risks of the business. If he buys preferred, he should make certain that he is not taking more risk than he is getting paid to assume. There should be adequate tangible property behind his stock after all bonds and prior debts are paid off to make it a good investment. There should also be a good block of junior common stock to take the shocks of the business. Before he invests in common stock, the investor should know the amount and nature of senior obligations, that earnings in the past have been large enough and steady enough to give him assurance of a fair profit in the future, and that the industry is essential and among the leaders in its field.

The industries of the United States, which include the manufacturing, extractive and distributing businesses, represent an investment in the neighborhood of \$45,000,000,000. They produce more wealth and give profitable employment to more people than any other form of business activity. Their ownership has, in late years, been spread widely throughout America. They offer more investment opportunities to investors and more speculative opportunities to speculators than any other class of enterprise. In them are to be found the greatest rewards and the greatest risks. To invest wisely in this field, however, it is necessary to insist upon three things: First, that a given company enjoys sound management; second that the security gives sufficient additional return to compensate for the increased risk, and, wherever possible, a chance to share in the company's profits; and lastly, that it is possible to receive authentic information as to the company's progress at least once a year.

# 18th Annual Rotary Convention—Ostend

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## The Sesqui-Centennial

(Continued from page 21)

may get enough ideas to keep them busy around the house for months after their return, one goes to expositions to see things that are not even suggested at home. Therefore, sooner or later the Exposition visitor seeks the great stadium. The stadium will hold 100,000 spectators, and here will be staged forty great spectacles and twenty-six impressive pyrotechnic displays. In some of these pageants regular troops will be used, and a 40-acre camp has been laid out for their accommodation.

The aviators will be in all their glory, for to them falls the piloting of machines that flit like gigantic moths dazzled by the flashing searchlights. Sometimes the booming crash of aircraft guns and the sputter of bombs will make the mimic warfare more realistic. Three flying fields, one in the Navy Yard, will be in use, and some of the war-time aces are to be present.

Then there are sports with national and international champions in competition during the numerous events. The athletic program includes both baseball and football, both billiards and polo. Possibly new records will be made in several branches of athletics.

Besides all this there is promenade dancing on the 80-acre Gladway, where a myriad of colored lights are reflected

in the lagoons, and Venetian gondoliers steer deftly past marine pageants. Flower festivals, the Feast of Lanterns, and other carnival shows will add to the gaiety.

Nor is this all—besides and between all the other things there are the dozens of "concessions" of various kinds, each with a distinct and often clamorous claim. As often happens with affairs of this kind, Philadelphia's experience with the concessions has not, apparently, been altogether happy. Just what has been done is hard to tell from the conflicting accounts. It is safe, to say, however, that these difficulties have been removed at least to the satisfaction of Exposition authorities. Of course, at every exposition some of the concessionaires give value for the money—and some do not. The visitor must judge for himself, remembering that he who pays "one price to get in and twenty to get out" is partially his own victim.

But much may be done on that one admission. Supposing the visitor saw nothing else but the exhibit of sculptures, prints, paintings, textiles, wrought-metal and ceramics in the Palace of Fine Arts; the native bazaar of India; the armour collection of Spain; the display of lean destroyers and other craft in the Delaware and

Schuylkill rivers; and one of the great spectacles—he would still have something worth remembering.

Or suppose that he were a very particular visitor, one who hated crowds and just wanted to browse around. He could find an Historic Committee to furnish him with handbook and suggestions, and when he had seen all the historic places of Philadelphia he might quietly slip off to Valley Forge twenty miles distant where ghostly watch-fires might reconstruct for him scenes of other days.

He might in fact, enjoy a private Exposition—and musing over that, might decide that it was very well that all nations should unite to honor the Sesqui-Centennial. So musing, he might imagine a meeting of the Junto, that club where Benjamin Franklin gathered his most ingenious acquaintances "for mutual improvement."

They, in turn, might tell him that men do not change their natures so swiftly as they change their environment; that the importance of Expositions is not in the price of admission but the impressions one takes away. And perhaps someone might quote Poor Richard: "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

## About a Business Methods Book

IT is one thing—and often highly enjoyable—to stand and watch a parade move by; but it is quite another thing to tell what the parade means, where it came from, and where it is going. For the past twenty years a parade affecting our personal interests has been going up the street of commerce and industry, and most of us have derived from it both benefit and joy. It has remained for Rotarian Edgar Heermance, of New Haven, Conn., however, to tell us in "The Ethics of Business" (Harper Brothers, New York) some things that we should have learned ourselves from watching this parade. From the dominance of Theodore Roosevelt's personality in the early years of this century, to the influence of the organized social groups of the present day, Mr. Heermance takes his reader over the trail that commerce

has blazed. He explains each sign along the way. No fiction, this, but a homely interpretation of facts we all have touched, and passed unnoticed or not understood.

If you believe in sentimentalism in business, do not read "The Ethics of Business"—you might not like it. If you believe "the old world is sliding back," don't read this book—it might disillusion you. If you believe the Rotary Motto and the Rotary Code of Ethics are pretty phrases to toy with but not suited to the crush and jam of modern business, avoid this book—your theory of life might not withstand the force of the facts Mr. Heermance commands. But if you are a business or professional man, eager to know the trend of present-day business standards, read what Heermance says about a fair profit, credit, advertising, the

employee, and a dozen other phases of business and professional practice.

The opening chapter, on American trade associations, is one of the most interesting in the book. Incidentally, it opens one's eyes to the significance of the strongest force that is working for better business today,—the business men themselves, when they get together. The generalizations and conclusions drawn by Mr. Heermance in the last part of the book appear under what some of us call "high sounding" titles, but the meat is there and in a form suited to the average business man. To talk about business practices, social customs, or ethics, and keep one's feet on the ground, and speak the language our neighbors understand, is no small accomplishment. This is an achievement to which Mr. Heermance may lay claim.—R. V. W.

## Pacific Spells Peace

(Continued from page 7)

attended would agree that education was the predominating feature. Presidents of new clubs, new secretaries of old clubs, chairmen of committees, in fact every Rotarian in attendance who hopes to be a real Rotarian, could not help being inspired, and pencil and pad were busy noting the highlights of information from the storehouse that was opened. The conference was of inestimable benefit to individual Rotarians, to clubs, to the vast Pacific area and to Rotary International. In short it was a great boon to all Rotary and therefore to international friendship and understanding.

There were so many good speeches and papers that room would not permit here even to quote excerpts from them. Those who were present received full benefit, and the Hilo and Honolulu clubs of course benefited most for they were registered 100 per cent. As Rotary continues its phenomenal march towards the ultimate goal of making the whole world a friendly neighborhood, other important speeches will be made and other worth-while ideas developed. But none could more strikingly sum up the significance of this Pacific Rotary Conference, or any similar gathering, than the statement of "Shun" Midzushima of Tokyo, Japan, when he concluded amid thundering applause, in his address at the good-will banquet:

"When international peace does come

—for it must come—it will be found that it came, not through the labor of statesmen, nor the efforts of diplomats, nor the schemings of politicians, but through the united efforts of tradesmen. When all the world learns the truth, 'that he profits most who serves best,' then the dream of dreams of all ages will be realized in international peace."

This very meager report would not be complete without at least three pertinent statements about the first Pacific Rotary Conference as made by prominent Rotarians who were in attendance. They follow:

"Our job will be complete when every community in the world has a Rotary Club."—Peter Barr, Dunedin, N. Z.

"If Rotary had been in existence in the days of Confucius, there no doubt would have been established many clubs in China, for much of his teaching was similar to Rotary precepts."—L. P. Holman, delegate from Tientsin, China.

"One of the great contributions Rotary International is making in the Pacific area comes from the fact that it is international and inter-racial; further, because of this, it is *already* a powerful factor in promoting inter-racial understanding and thus doing much to promote the sixth object of Rotary—International Brotherhood."—K. C. Leebrick, vice-chairman, Pacific Conference.

## Keeping Up with Mauna Loa

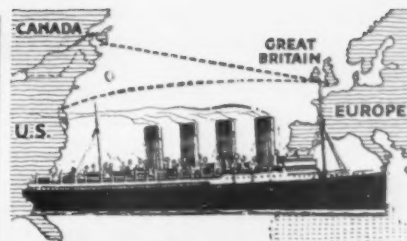
(Continued from page 37)

party on account of physical obstacles. The films from Hilo arrived by auto, however, in time to "shoot" the Hoopuloa disaster Sunday morning. The first pictures of the Kaanana house in flames, which was the one radioed to N. E. A. and published in New York City within 24 hours following the news story, and the lava reaching the road at Honomalino, were sent to Hilo in time to catch the first boat to Honolulu arriving there Monday morning at 7:30.

This was one of the biggest news picture "scoops" ever put over, and the Rotary principle of service was no unimportant factor in making it a success.

It is to be seen from the foregoing

story that as between allegiance to Rotary and loyalty to the press, that there is a combination hard to beat. Hilo Rotarians are high percenters all through and would only like the chance to welcome visiting members of the organization, which on occasions they do but not to as great extent as desired. Nothing has been said here about the wonderful Hawaii National Park, but that is another subject and is only one of several great features to attract Rotarians and others to the Big Island. Aside from physical features another thing of importance is that Hawaii is a key in the Pan-Pacific area for the cementing of international friendly relations, which is in harmony with Rotary's highest objective.



# CUNARD AND ROTARY

Rotary brings the people of many nations together in thought and spirit—Cunard brings them together in *fact*.

In its function as a connecting link between the New and Old Worlds, Cunard has been a contributing factor toward promoting good will, a better understanding and harmonious relations between nations and individuals—the very principles of Rotary.

Thus is created a natural bond between Cunard and Rotary. The vast bulk of 1800 American and Canadian members who attended the Rotarian convention at Edinburgh in 1921 crossed via *Cunard*.

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## Using the Rotary Telescope

(Continued from page 29)

the club once a year on the character and accomplishments of those organizations active in promoting better international understanding, and upon the significance of developments such as the Locarno pact; it might watch the press and periodicals for opportunities to neutralize, as far as its own community is concerned those opinions which tend toward misunderstanding and ill will, and in their place give out information which is accurate and con-

structive; it might provide special programs for the club to give members a more intimate knowledge of other peoples, and to develop an appreciation of the things we must do and the things we must not do if we would make and hold friends—internationally. The committee would soon become a sort of analytical telescope reaching all parts of the world—a Rotary telescope.

A "Sixth Object Committee" is par-

ticularly appropriate to Rotarians who are looking toward good will both among men and between nations. If you count yourself in this number why not discuss the idea with your fellow-members and give consideration to placing it before the Board of Directors of the club in the form of a definite suggestion? The office of the Secretary of Rotary International will be glad to co-operate with any club interested in the idea.

## Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 35)

### Big British Club Holds Identification Contest

LONDON, ENGLAND.—Through its club publication, London Rotary is holding a competition which might well be imitated by other large clubs. Each week the magazine publishes the pictures of twenty or thirty members, the photographs being numbered but not otherwise identified. Competitors write underneath each portrait the name that belongs there—or that they think belongs there. The competitor who is right most frequently gets a gold-mounted pen. This is an excellent means of promoting acquaintance within the club.

### Charter Members Still Enthusiastic

HAVRE, MONT.—Among the Rotary clubs with good attendance records is Havre, which had nine charter members in January, 1919; now has a membership of thirty-five. For some years this club has led the District 6 clubs. The seven charter members still in the club have been averaging 95 per cent attendance, and one, C. B. Koepke, has not missed a meeting in five years and only missed nine since he joined. The nearest club is Great Falls, 125 miles to the south-east; the next Kalispell 250 miles west.

### Another Blind Musician Is Member

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—In the March number we mentioned that John M. Baer, blind musician, is a Rotarian of Ashland, Wis. Now we learn that Professor Roderick M. Fraser, another blind musician, is also a Rotarian in his native city of New Glasgow, N. S.

He has had the advantages of careful training and though blind from birth has made a reputation as organist of a large church and a teacher of piano-forte. He went about town unaided and was always ready to lead the club in its singing. A few months ago he fell ill and had to enter a tuberculosis sanitarium. He is cheered by the knowledge that his many friends are doing everything they can to help him to new health.

### Quotes Oriental Sage On Business Methods

TOKYO, JAPAN.—Speaking of Ninomiya Sontoku, Oriental sage, Prof. Ernest W. Clement quoted to Tokyo Rotarians several wise sayings which show how long certain principles, identical with Rotary, have been recognized. Among the quotations were these:

"Human life is like a water-wheel, half in and half out of the flood. As it revolves one half goes with the stream and the other half against it. If you put it all under water or raise it all out of the water, it is useless."

"Both buyers and sellers must rejoice in their relation to each other. If only the seller rejoices it is not true trading."

Ninomiya's method, said the professor, was to strive for a general leveling up of society. Even as a boy the sage showed his thoughtfulness for others by planting small pine trees on both banks of a river, so that the banks would have some support in case of flood. These pine striplings were purchased with extra money received from his master. Now grown large and beautiful, the trees are a living monument to Ninomiya.

### First Rotarollick Plays to Capacity House

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—The local Rotarians made their first appearance as public entertainers when they produced the "Rotarollick"—the title being their own invention. The stage was set for a Rotary luncheon, the members contributing various songs, jokes, and "stunts." The club president acted as interlocutor and the program followed the general lines of a minstrel show except that it was not in black face. The club played to a capacity house and will use the proceeds to further the development of a boys' band.

### Take School Band To District Meet

CASEY, ILL.—The thirty-piece high-school band accompanied Casey Rotarians to the District Conference at Mount Vernon and received many favorable comments. The Rotary Anns of Casey are just as enthusiastic as their husbands, in fact they recently put on a complete program—just to show the men how it should be done.

### Open Air Meeting Is Pleasant Change

PETALUMA, CAL.—An open-air meeting proved a pleasant variation of the usual program of Petaluma Rotarians. Features of the program included a tableau in which California, Rotary International, the local club, and Petaluma were all represented; and the release of twenty-five carrier pigeons bearing greetings to other Rotarians and to civic officials. These winged messengers also announced the inauguration of the fourth president of Petaluma Rotary.



## "If Music Be the Food of Love . . ."

(Continued from page 19)

or bundles of law possibly can. Probably you remember the lovely family in "Endicott and I," a series of stories which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and which has now grown up into a book. Here the family gathered evening after evening and played quartettes and trios, using the hat-stand for music racks and the tomato pin cushion for pinning on music sheets. The fun in these things is unlimited and where the instruments are not the lordly three above limned, there can be the saxophone, first encouraged by Berlioz, who acted as propagandist for Adolphe Sax many years ago; the banjo and the piano, or any other grouping from the famous comb with its filmy tissue paper to clappers, jews-harp, harmonica, mandolin, and zither! Any instruments will keep the family around the old fireside more than all the curtain lectures of the universe delivered duly and daily.

Mother and father and ancient auntie may think that their dancing days are over, but soon the new jazz rhythms "get them" and they dance too, to the new "fantastic," and age lines are obliterated. Thus, music becomes again the real food of love in the house. It is the new stimulant without Volstead laws and oh, the difference to all!

Romance added to jazz, is a mixture devoutly to be desired. Who, while resting from the dance is not allured by strains from Mozart's "Minuet from Don Giovanni;" any of the Strauss Waltzes, (one of which was written with a zither in mind) or perhaps a record put on the player of Sibelius' "Dance of Death" or Liszt's "Rhapsodies," or Folk Tunes arranged by Percy Grainger. Oh, ineffable delight after the cares of the daily round of duty to look forward to comfortable evenings at home with the Goddess of Music and the Dance.

Those who sing, too, are pleased this day, for the song-makers are many and their wares enthralling. Should you prefer the more melodious types, you have songs from the pen and heart of Lieurance: "The Waters of Minnetonka," the many songs of Cadman, who wrote "The Sky Blue Water;" songs from the operas, not forgetting the Gilbert and Sullivan Operettas, now booming back into vogue, years after their happy birth. Go to the opera and comic opera, thou music lover and cull from them, fine melody. Go to the pub-

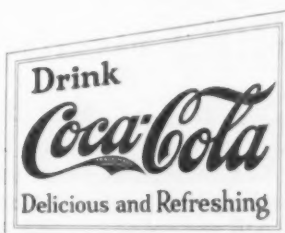
lishers who gladly advise, as to what songs fit one's voice and add thy voice to the domestic choir, which surely reaches the angels, so soul gratifying does it become. Some other songs which come to our mind are "La Danza" by George Chadwick, "A Maid Sings Light" by Edward McDowell, "Little Pages' Song" by Wintter Watts. "My Menagerie" by Fay Foster, "Rain" by Pearl Curran. "The Year's at the Spring" by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. "The Shepherd Lehl" by Rimsky-Korsakoff, to say naught of songs sung by Mar-

guerite d'Alvarez, Galli Curci, Danise, Chaliapin, Werrenrath and a host of others and the new phonographs.

Should one prefer the songs in the newer tonalities, these will be gratifying, "Romance" by Claude Debussy, "On the Indus" and "I Love the Night" by Marion Bauer, "Lullaby" by Cyril Scott, "At the Well" by Richard Hageman and "May Magic" by Anne Stratton Holden.

But, one must not forget the old operas. For example Gluck's from which can be taken exquisite arias with the old-world glamour. Isadora

Many people go  
a little thirsty  
nearly all the time  
and don't know it



Most of us need more  
moisture than we get

You may easily disregard thirst—that is, a little thirst. Many people do—to the point where they have what is known as the "dry habit." They're thirsty without being conscious of it.

Mother Nature does not intend that we should be dry—even a little dry—and she adds taste to thirst to tempt us to refresh ourselves. That's why millions drink Coca-Cola—a drink of natural flavors. It delights taste in satisfying thirst.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Duncan went back to his "Ihegenia in Aulis" and our own Metropolitan Opera Company has given, with beautiful effect his "Orpheus and Eurydice!"

One has worlds from which to choose, ages and eons of music from which to collect untold felicities.

"Music is all right I guess," said a well-known editor to the writer, "but I have a player-piano and I don't know what to play on it!"

Music is not a remote intangible thing. It is as much a part of us as is our speech. For truly, it is difficult in tracing music back to its birth, to know when speech stopped and when music began. Music is one's heritage and will always remain with one if its rejuvenating power is ever tested.

Should you desire to know more about music three very simple books will help you: "Appreciation of Music"

by William Mason and Thomas Whitney Surette, "The Complete Opera Book" by Gustav Kobbe and "How Music Grew" by Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser.

So, then, one today, need not be satisfied with either the classics or jazz, for one's choice is legion, and those in the music legion of honor are blessed indeed, rested and made over for the business of the day.

## This Puddle Complex

(Continued from page 17)

business opportunity called me there. In many respects I did not think I would like the shift at all. I expected to miss many comforts and enjoyments. I have had more comforts, and the only enjoyment I have ever really missed is first-class theatrical companies.

It also seemed so far to go. This is an attitude of mind common to big cities, especially New York and Boston. It hadn't then occurred to me that from there to here is not an inch farther than from here to there.

EVER since enough time had elapsed for me to begin to get acquainted in the new place I have been glad I came. And the reasons have nothing to do with that business opportunity I thought I was accepting when I came; that didn't pan out as expected.

On occasion, when I was in a big puddle, my name appeared in large, black type across the front pages of as big papers as there are in America, on news and feature stories that were perhaps read by several million people. Did that mean a wide circle of congenial acquaintances? A lot of friends? Not in a puddle like that.

I had a reputation among members of my own craft for being a competent workman, and an acquaintance, outside business contacts, that didn't extend much beyond the offices I worked in—and not entirely across those. George Patullo and I were once employed on the same editorial staff, in different departments, for several months at the same time. The departments were in separate parts of the building and their members used different elevators. Each of us knew the other as a name only. Our first meeting took place some years later, after we had both moved to Texas. Since then we have run into

one another several times. We are neighbors now, comparatively speaking. We live only three hundred miles apart.

How are you going to manage it to have intimate friends—and foregather with them—in a big city?

A few years ago I went to New York and lived and worked there for several months. I was at Forest Hills, in the Borough of Queens.

Four friends of long standing I especially wanted to see outside their business hours, when we could have time to sit comfortably, restore our souls with tobacco and talk heart-to-heart, as I talk to my fair-sized-puddle friends here two or three evenings a week.

But one of them had his habitation on Staten Island, at the farther end. Another lived at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. A third had a house thirty or forty miles up the Hudson. The home of the fourth was in Greenwich Village—only ten miles from where I lived.

We wrote each other how sorry we were not to have met that summer.

Out in this fair-sized puddle you know a lot of people and a lot of people know you. You have acquaintances, as many as you want, and acquaintances mean an opportunity to get friends. It may be true that nobody anywhere ever has more than two or three real, steadfast-through-thick-and-thin friends—but it is mighty pleasant to know two or three hundred that are friendly. And a great many folks speak kindly to you in a fair-sized town who don't expect or even hope to make money out of you.

In the fair-sized puddle we have all the necessary conveniences of the big one without its distances.

I can summon a company of cronies

from all over town for a pasteboard inspection at my house early in the evening, and the last one of them will arrive in less than half an hour. We have banks, stores, business houses as adequate as those of the big town, and we can get to them all quickly. Twenty or twenty-five blocks constitute the heart of the business district. The picture shows are the same as in the great city, and much less expensive. You can get from your office or shop to your home in twenty minutes by trolley or ten by automobile. You know the big lawyers and doctors and merchants, the same as you do the little ones. The bankers, so far as I can observe, do not loosen up any more carelessly than they do in the large communities, but they seem more interested in you—because they are.

I GET to New York every so often. Some acquaintances and I are sitting at a dining-room table, telling one another that the town isn't what it used to be, when a stranger to me approaches and hails my companion. It presently develops that they know each other very well, that their wives are on speaking terms, that their offices are three blocks apart, and that this is the first time they have met in eight months.

My acquaintance performs the ceremony of introduction.

"Make you acquainted with Mr. Davis," he says. Business, then, of repeating the rest of my name very distinctly. "J. Frank Davis. The writer, you know."

"Oh, yes," the other remarks brightly. "Writer. Yes. I see. What name do you write under?"

"Mr. Davis," my friend hastens to

595, "wrote 'The Yellow Ticket.'" He adds, not because he thinks it is true, but to be flatteringly polite: "You must have read it."

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. In the *Busy-readers' Magazine*, wasn't it?"

I smile, and the conversation moves to the normal New York subject of whether the law ever *will* be amended. I did not write "The Yellow Ticket," which was a play, and "The Chinese Label," which I did write, appeared serially before it was published as a book, but not in the *Busyreaders*. But why should I correct them? They wouldn't remember, and neither of them cares a hoot in Herculeum anyway. They know it may be a year and it may be forever before they see me again, and that prospect gives them no pain at all.

Here in my fair-sized puddle, when people introduce me, they quite frequently remember correctly the name of something I have written. At least they would get it "The Yellow Label" or "The Chinese Ticket," either of which would be fifty-fifty.

And if story-tellers happen to be scarcer in a fair-sized puddle than in a big one, so, relatively, are inventors, and architects, and steam laundrymen, and painters and decorators, and civil engineers, and capitalists, and cooks and bottle-washers. Not everybody who calls you by your first name belongs to your club. You not only remember the big fellows to whom you hope to sell something, some day, but that enthusiastic young chap who, up in the big city, you wouldn't have recognized five minutes after he called on you to present his little proposition—you remember him, too, when you read that he was one of those invited to attend the convention of insurance agents who wrote more than a hundred thousand dollars worth of business last year. And very likely you shake hands with him the next time you meet him on the street, and congratulate him.

An artisan's wage here of a bit less than he would be paid in the great city means a vastly more contented living. The man in my town who makes forty dollars a week has a better home, more comforts and more time for diversions than the seventy-five dollar man in the metropolis. The man who has got a peg or two higher than that—who makes five to seven thousand dollars a year, say—cannot, on that income, have as big a house, as many servants or as extensive a flock of automobiles as the millionaire, but in every other respect, including such musical, dramatic and social events as he cares to attend and a country-club membership, he can live exactly as well—and I'd like to see any fifteen-to-twenty-thousand-dollar New Yorker laugh that off.

You don't everlastingly have to stretch yourself financially to try to make people think you are what you are not in the fair-sized puddle.

The accident of who lives in your relatively immediate neighborhood usually picks your outside-of-business-hours associates in the big city. In the small one and the fair-sized one you can choose friends from the whole town on the basis of congeniality. This will not give perfect results in the small place, where the number of congenial people may be limited—just as they are in a metropolitan suburb,—but in the fair-sized town anybody can find plenty that he likes, and then get together with them easily.

Nobody in the great puddle cares much whether you are sick or well, living or dead, or even pretends to. In the fair-sized puddle quite a number of people *are* interested in you, without, on the gossippy other hand, minding your business *too* much, which is a small-town drawback.

It stands to reason that the bigger the puddle you live in, the bigger toad you have to be to stir up the water in it. I had, in two towns, experiences that started out in exactly the same way, yet in their outcome illustrate this most concretely.

ONE day, several years ago, I was asked to be a candidate for president of the principal club of business and professional men in my city. Yes, you have guessed it. Of course. The members who put it up to me said they had sounded sentiment sufficiently to guarantee my election, but as my health didn't allow me to run I shall never know whether or not their optimism was justified—and what would have been the outcome of the balloting has no bearing on this argument, anyway; nomination without election in any big Rotary Club is sufficiently an honor to prove my point.

They had a reason for the compliment; the members wanted to reward me for having given considerable time and energy to writing and staging a successful gridiron show, plus some general committee work that had been satisfactory.

Now it happens that once, a number of years before and prior to the days of Rotary, I had performed precisely the same services for the largest business and professional men's club in Boston. I had worked on an important committee and had put on a show, and the show went just about as well as the later one in the smaller town.

On that Boston occasion those in authority said all the nice things they ought to have been expected to say, called me out before the curtain and made a speech at me, and presented me with a very large and beautiful bouquet to take home to my wife, who was out



This picture illustrates an extreme case

## Is hunger or thirst killing your trees?

Look at the tops of your trees. Are the leaves thin and yellowish? Are they undersized? Are they inclined to turn brownish and curl up? Are the uppermost parts of the trees thinner than the rest? Are there little dead branches showing at the tops of the trees?

These signs are unmistakable evidence of trouble. It is practically certain that such a tree is dying from either hunger or thirst or both. The tree is a living thing. It requires food, and it must have water. Under semi-artificial conditions, the soil is gradually exhausted of its food elements. Such a tree must be fed, for exactly the same reason that a good farmer fertilizes his fields. Get the advice of Davey Tree Surgeons quickly. They are local to you.

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of town that week—a fact nobody could be expected to be aware of in a big city where most of your acquaintances don't even know whether or not you are married. And I think very likely as many as half the members of the club, through that incident, came to know me by sight.

WHICH was all quite as it should be, of course. My point is not that men who merely serve satisfactorily on committees and write and stage-manage shows for their clubs ought to be offered the presidency,—naturally honors like that go to the big toads in the big puddles,—but that in fair-sized puddles what the fair-sized toad does makes a bigger splash.

There are a few men in our land of the free who can be, at one and the same time, big toads in small puddles and microscopical toads in big puddles. Some congressmen, for example. I imagine they find a meed of satisfaction in puffing up and spattering around when they are at home and forgetting—or trying to—how inconspicuous they are on the Washington job.

I recall sitting in the press gallery at the Capitol, one day, when a pompous person with gray Spanish moss on his chin began to make a speech, which no doubt later appeared, much extended, in the *Congressional Record*. Nobody in the House paid the slightest attention to him except the official stenographers, who were paid to, and there was so much noise and confusion that they were obliged to go and sit in adjacent seats to catch what he was saying. Not even an echo of his remarks carried fifty feet. I asked the correspondent beside me who the orator was and he stared, then studied his diagram of seats.

"Search me!" he announced, and

called across to Charlie Thompson of the *Times*, who knew everybody in Washington who was the least bit famous and a great many who only thought they were: "Who's the old party speaking? That isn't his own seat he is talking from; that's Greene's seat."

Thompson made a careful survey. "He's been here two or three terms," he said. "His face is familiar enough, but I don't believe I ever heard who he is."

At home I suppose that congressman was called "the old grey eagle of the Whippenatauket Valley," or something equally high-sounding, and that he had constituents who were convinced that the President made no important decisions without consulting him. A big toad in his district, but harrowed by the fear that some day they might find out what a dinky one he was in the big village.

We cannot all be Congressmen. The rest of us have to cultivate one puddle at a time. Shall it be little, or big, or middling?

It is a fine thing to *try* the big puddles. You will never know, until you do, whether you can make good there sufficiently to hold a decent job, to say nothing of becoming really important, and perhaps you will never be satisfied until you find out. And if you are a big enough toad to be big even there, you will stay, of course, and live happily forever after.

But if you want to enjoy the greatest measure of contentment, when you have found out what sized toad you are, go and live in a puddle to fit. The great cities need the little toads and the fair-sized ones as well as the whoppers—but let George do it.

In the big puddles many swell up but few can splash.

## Burton

(Continued from page 15)

peared the grandest man Hendshaw had ever seen, far grander than Hendshaw's father, who was president.

The little boy had stared and stared. Nelson wasn't a bit afraid of the awful tongue or the roar or the explosion. Nelson was as calm as a bronze general in a market-place. It would be wonderful to grow up and have a job as fine as Nelson's.

Hendshaw's motor stopped at Nelson's cottage. It was very neat with white-washed stones along a gravel pathway and a bed of phlox outlined with shells and two startled white stone rabbits. Nelson came to the door.

"Mr. Hendshaw!"

Nelson was in his stocking feet. He was a big man, but stooped now and his hair was grizzled.

They went into the parlor, very neat, too, with a gilded stovepipe hat filled with cat-tails in one corner and a gilded potato-masher hung from the chandelier by a blue ribbon.

Hendshaw sat down in a patent rocker.

"You saw Mr. Burton to-day?"

Nelson nodded.

"He said?"

"I'm too old. I—must go now."

Hendshaw smiled. "He—feels that way a little about me."

Nelson looked up, startled.

"Yes," said Hendshaw. "I can see

it. Of course I'm president. He can't do anything about me, yet." He stopped. "I've an idea. You'd like to go up to Saranac, near your daughter; I've a filling-station there. On the main road. Lots of travel. It's nice work," he said, "easy. You're out of doors, too, and there are hills to look at and blue sky and a bit of garden."

Nelson stared. "You—you mean that?"

"Yes."

"I—couldn't."

"Yes, you could," said Hendshaw. "We're old men, you see, together. We're both sort of fogies. We can't all be Burtons, can we?"

Nelson shook his head.

"Then, it's a bargain," Hendshaw stood up. "Just one thing, though. You mustn't tell anybody. Understand? It's our secret. I couldn't bear to have Mr. Burton patronize us."

On his way home Hendshaw remembered the light in Nelson's eyes, and his shy smile. . . . Then there was Berthold, too, with his boy in college. Well, there were ways to help a boy through college. There were scholarships. No one need to know, not the boy even.

Hendshaw was so uplifted that he forgot about Burton.

CLARISSA met him at the door when he got back that night. The wind caught her hair and made her look suddenly like a girl. How much he loved her.

"Young Burton's here," she said.

He looked at her.

"He's been waiting all this time to see you." She stopped. "I think it's serious."

Hendshaw went into the room and the boy rose. He was a preposterous boy, perhaps no more preposterous than most boys nowadays Hendshaw thought, but then he had occasion to meet so few of them. The suit he wore, for all it struck the older man as a caricature, must have cost a pretty penny, and his coat and his gloves and his stick. Clarissa had not come into the room. The two were alone.

"Good evening," said Mr. Hendshaw. "Your father said you might call on us. This is good of you. The first night, too."

The boy looked at him. "My father doesn't know I'm here, sir."

"No?" said Hendshaw.

"I—I came—" He stopped.

"Sit down," said Hendshaw. "Smoke?"

"Not tonight." The boy's face was white. How absurd his clothes looked in comparison to that white, frightened face.

"You're home early," said Hendshaw.

"I—had to leave." There was a silence. "I—Mr. Hendshaw—"

Hendshaw looked at him. "See

here," he said "are you quite sure you want to tell me? Don't you want—to tell your father?"

The boy shook his head. "I couldn't."

Hendshaw waited. Perhaps this was the very thing Burton needed. Perhaps he was denying Burton his manhood, his birthright, by letting this poor boy pour out to him the thing that had stripped him of all the preposterous assurance of his trappings.

"I couldn't. He's so proud of me. He wouldn't understand." The boy's eyes were pleading.

A minute longer Hendshaw consid-

ered. He must think of the boy, too.

"Father—he's too young, sir, to understand. He—he went to work when he was fourteen. He doesn't know anything about what fellows like me can get mixed up in."

Hendshaw smiled. The boy in his desperate honesty had blundered onto the truth. Burton was too young; he had never lived. He had only succeeded.

"All right."

Then the boy told his story, painfully, hideously. He was in debt. He had made a mark neither academically



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nor in athletics but he wanted to cut a dash. All the tied-up egotism that was in Burton was in the boy, too. Only Burton had found a channel for liberating his, in his son. Young Burton had had nothing to recommend him but his money. He had a bigger allowance than any other boy at the school. Burton had seen to that. They were mostly rich men's sons brought up with the thrift of families that had possessed money for more than one generation.

Burton had lorded it. He gave parties, he took large groups of them into the city on holidays, he wined and dined them with all the passion of a boy seeking his only means to recognition. He had run bills, he had got in deeper and deeper. He had borrowed money from strange people. And finally he had stolen. It was a terrible thing.

"Of course I meant to give it back. I—I had a sure tip." His face was pinched. "Races. Well, I didn't." He stopped.

"How much do you need?"

"A thousand dollars."

Hendshaw looked at him. "Your father's going to give you a new car, a—roadster."

The boy stood up. "Don't you see? It isn't the same thing."

"I see." He stopped. "We must think this out."

"Mr. Hendshaw," sobbed the boy. "Don't desert me. Don't you see, you're the only person I've got."

Yes, he was. He knew it. This boy's one chance for salvation lay through him. He'd go back to school tomorrow with the youngster. It was the school he would have sent his boy

to had he had a son. He'd make some excuse to Burton. Say he was going off to pick up a first edition, a first edition badly battered. Burton would laugh at him and be a little pompous but realize in some inner way there was a world about which he knew nothing, a silly world and not one in which most successful people lived and yet a whole world for all that.

"And I'm taking your boy along," he would finish.

He could see Burton boom. "Well, don't teach him any bad habits. He's a smart boy. Drive you over in his roadster."

Hendshaw looked at the boy. "All right. Tomorrow."

"Mr. Hendshaw?"

Hendshaw nodded. He saw the agony in the boy's face and the question. Yes, the money. They'd pay that first and then go back to see the school authorities. Of course the boy would repay him, eventually; he'd see to that. He owed that to the boy now. The boy was his responsibility. He would have to make the man of him Burton's success had prohibited him from doing.

Hendshaw felt a little tired.

After he let the boy out Clarissa slipped back into the library.

"Well," she said, and she smiled up at him, the smile she wore when she knew he had done a wise and foolish thing.

"Clarissa," he said, "there are certainly those who would say I was a failure."

Again she smiled at him. Nothing mattered after that smile. "Of course you are, dear."

He laughed. "But don't tell Burton."

## This Business of Being a Father

(Continued from page 11)

There is never any question as to whether a father of that sort is religious. He may swear occasionally; he may not have any outward profession of religion; but when once he gets onto this father job, his every breath is a prayer, his every act a visible plea for the Almighty's blessing on that child. And he stands ready to go to preaching every Sunday and to Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, even, if that and that alone will make his boy the sort of man he wants him to be. A father in that state of mind is filled with the spirit of self-sacrifice; and there is present the finest evidence of unselfishness. For behold, here is another welfare and another happiness that stands nearer to his inner actual happiness and peace, than his own has ever been. On the outward trip from his own inner self, he comes to his

desire for the boy's welfare before he reaches his desire for his own. And could the great Father, from whose fountain of father-love all these lesser fountains are directly fed, find any fault with the religion of a man who so closely keeps step with the Supreme Father in feeling and in love? Many a man unconsciously becomes religious merely through trying to be the best possible father to a son—a son that doesn't look like much of anything to you, but to him it is "my son!"

Every boy reaches a stage at which he doesn't know exactly what it is all about. Finding in his heart a strange thrill of tenderness, his first startled feeling is one of shame. The tenderness is so huge and so outstanding to his own consciousness that he can't help feeling that people have caught him at it—he can't imagine that this



ternerness isn't shouting itself to others as it is to him. He is like the person so scared he can't believe others do not hear the violent pounding of his heart. So he begins vociferously and in divers clumsy and ugly ways to try to deny or disguise this tenderness. Nature helps him out in this task by giving him, just at this stage, a voice about as pleasant as the sound of a rasp working on a rusty saw tooth. He is, physically and mentally, a bundle of angles. He is usually surrounded by people who still want to treat him as a little child, while he thinks he wants to be treated like a man.

INWARDLY he yearns for a display of affection and is determined to die any sort of death rather than to reveal that yearning. This is the dawn of father-love that comes to him just at the age when he begins to be a man. He has no idea what it is. Along with it comes the dawn of other tendencies that he believes are wrong—it is a terrible mixture, and it makes him very, very unhappy. What he needs at such time is a pal who will associate with him silently and understandingly and never let him know there is any understanding at all. He needs kind words spoken in answer to his harshness. He needs steadiness in the reception of things he says when he is excited. He needs a lot of good, wholesome, skilful letting alone in an atmosphere that is friendly but not sacharine. He needs to be treated as his father wanted to be treated when he was that age and in the same fix but has, alas, forgotten about it!

If every boy were compelled to keep a diary from thirteen to eighteen, this world would be full of perfect fathers. Nothing is truer or applies more literally to parenthood than the lines Lincoln so loved in "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?":

For we are the same that our fathers have been;  
We see the same things that our fathers have seen;  
We think the same thoughts and we view the same sun  
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

Repetition, repetition, repetition! Never totally unlike, never exactly alike, goes the human race from father to son, from mother to daughter. It is our defective memory that makes us believe there is any basic or radical difference. It is the fact that we now look at the silver side of the statue and cannot believe that anybody can see a gold side to it, forgetting that once it was all gold to us.

All down the corridors of time, human beings who essayed the role of parentage have impersonated an endless procession of hens hatching out ducklings. Every time we look at our boy or girl we are amazed that

such children should have been born to us. But the fluffy fledglings that we believe to be ducks and at whose ways we are astonished, turn out in the long run to be chickens, just as we were. Only we have forgotten, by the time their hatching day arrives, that once we had the characteristics of the youngling bird.

What a blessing it really would be if fathers remembered their own boy thoughts, actions, and proclivities more accurately! How much more influential we should be with our children if we never lied to them as to what models of virtue and studiousness and gentlemanliness we were "at your age!" The boy knows when you are telling the truth. He may not know how he knows, but he can tell when he is being talked to for effect. My own lad, who has heard me lecture a lot, is much fonder of me than I intrinsically deserve to have any fine boy be. Yet when I think up a good "line" and believe I have encompassed a figure of speech that ought to appeal to him vividly, and begin enthusiastically and eloquently to spring it in "well-chosen words," the rascal will look at me roguishly but wearily out of the corner of his big eyes and say "O-ration!" Then I cease lecturing without even giving him a raincheck.

Yet there is one thing I do want to set down here for all fathers that I believe is very true and that I believe is understandable to the average fellow, and that is this:

IT was the religion our forefathers had, back in the days of family worship and home Bible-reading, that makes us as nearly decent as we are. But that sort of thing was not automatically cumulative in its effect. Knowledge of the Bible and religion (and our espousal of their fair daughter Morality) is not hereditary. It must be passed along in itself or else its influence cannot be made permanent for generation after generation. What are we doing about that? Do you want your boy to be any less the good man than you are? And his children—you've thought of that, I know. Well, something has to be done about it, and you know it and are looking wildly about for somebody or some institution to do that thing for you. But quit looking—you are wasting your time. It is up to you just as it was up to your parents, to arrange for that influence direct. It may be late and you may be darned clumsy at it, old topper, but it's your job and nobody's else. The boys whose moral training has been either neglected or delegated (both words in this relation meaning exactly the same thing) swap their names for numbers,



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lower—well, let him be caught! He was living off the country; a taker and not a giver. He wasn't shooting square.

I believe we are living off the country right now. The shelter cabins for our comfort and our safety built by our forefathers who had (and lived) a religion, are ours for the taking. And the woodpiles of religious comfort and moral strength they left beside the hearth—are they lower as we leave for the next stop? Are any of us freezing our hands gathering brush from the snowbound thickets to leave those piles as high as we found them? Think it over, Rotarian father, think it over! It will pay—your son.

## The Gang Finds Itself

(Continued from page 26)

by him as a picnic and playground for old and young. On Thursday, the Butte Electric Railway carries youngsters to Columbia Gardens free of charge and so the baseball games were played that day. Interest in the league and the prizes offered was great and furnished a good start for what followed. Football, started in September, centered around the Y. M. C. A., the games being played on fields within easy reach of the building. After the games, the members of the eight teams that entered the race were required to go to the "Y" where they were weighed and checked for eligibility and then given a chance to use the swimming pool and the showers.

IN Butte, boys under sixteen do not have to pay a membership fee in the "Y," all boys' privileges being open to them through the generosity of the older people of the city who annually pay around \$60,000 to keep the big building in operation. Practically every member of Rotary is a "Y" member and therefore it was natural for the Rotary boys work committee to tie its plan up with that organization. In passing, it may be said that the success of any such plan depends upon combining it with some organized gymnasium, public school, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, or fraternal body interested in work to benefit boys. This provides a natural headquarters for the sports conducted and a place where all records may be kept. It also secures cooperation with other organizations with which Rotary well may join. In Butte, one of the most active men in forwarding the Rotary plan has been a Kiwanian, who is the "Y" secretary in charge of boys' activities.

Once enough teams for a league were secured, games were scheduled so that every team played every week. When school was in session, Saturdays

naturally were used, care being taken not to conflict with any "big" games the boys might wish to attend. In summer, other days than Saturday could be utilized, but no team was kept waiting unduly for a contest. Competent officials, most of them former college athletes, were persuaded to give the boys their time and to call the plays strictly according to the rules. As a result, what under the old unsupervised conditions had been largely "sand-lot jawing matches," now became real tests of ability and appealed strongly to the boys because of their fairness. The playing equipment, furnished by the Rotary Club, was regulation, the playing fields were properly lined off, and spectators were kept out of the way of the athletes. Everything possible was done to give the boys for their sports the same conditions enjoyed by the "big" teams in the city, except that each lad had to provide his own uniform.

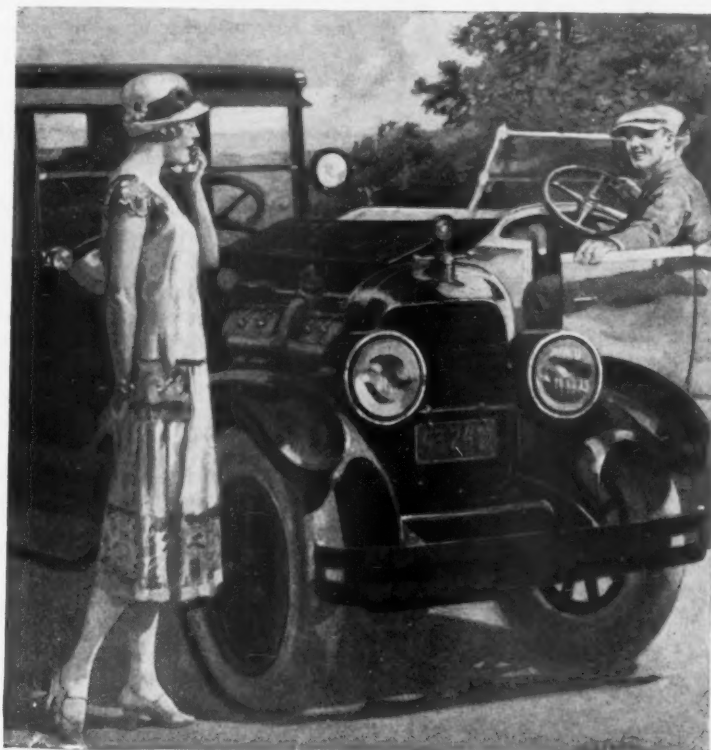
The baseball and the football leagues were successful far beyond the expectations of the men who set them in motion. The youngsters rapidly learned to obey the rules of the game and to take decisions without back talk. Before the boys began to enter into the spirit of sportsmanship that was laid down, there were one or two rows, but the lads who engaged in these scraps were shamed out of such tactics by the physical director, the boys' secretary, and the officials at the games. The leagues attracted the attention of the sports editor on the afternoon paper and he began to print box-scores for the games and to give as much space as he could to individual mention. The morning papers took up the idea of giving the games space, thus attracting general attention to the league schedules. As no admission was charged, good crowds began to turn out to watch the boys in action, many older sportsmen mingling with the "kid"

rosters on the sidelines. The final football championship the first year was played as a preliminary to the annual battle between Butte and Butte Central high schools, and the four thousand or more spectators went away much pleased at the ability shown by the two Rotary "kid elevens."

SINCE baseball and football were so successful, the committee extended its plan to hockey and basketball. The city playgrounds' authorities, now much interested in the results already obtained, helped to provide ice rinks for the hockey, and players of the game came forward to give the youngsters coaching and encouragement. Basketball, more popular because it was played indoors, required more planning and finally it seemed advisable to center it around the public and parochial schools. This arrangement cut across gang membership lines a little, but it was necessary to secure sufficient gymnasiums for practice time to be allotted to each of the twenty teams that enrolled. Ultimately the committee had to secure the use of the high school, Knights of Columbus, Y. M. C. A., State School of Mines, and some independent club gymnasiums in addition to the space at the schools, getting unused time for the boys whenever it could be taken from the regular schedules of these gymnasiums. The league basketball was played at the "Y" gymnasium on Saturdays, ten games being run off in order. The teams were divided into two leagues, the winners in each league being brought together in a final game for the city boys' championship. Following the conclusion of each series of games in a sport, the members of the winning team were invited to a Rotary luncheon where they were presented with a team trophy and with individual prizes. Naturally the reporters found good news value in the occasion and spread abroad the praise and credit given the boys.

One break occurred in the first year's plans when the Butte Exchange Club stepped in to take charge of a spring track meet just before the Rotary committee could announce its plans for the same proposition. However, willing co-operation was given the brother civic organization and Exchange was successful with an event that brought out hundreds of young athletes.

The first year of the Rotary plan was so satisfactory that it was continued without hesitation. The five hundred dollars or so needed to pay for the supplies and trophies was secured by subscription among the club members. It took more money the second year than the first because there were more teams that wished to join the leagues until not a neighborhood in the city was without its representation. By this time many



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of the teams had managed to get older athletes interested in them, former college men in some cases or high-school or independent players, and were getting the benefit of regular coaching at regular hours. They worked out for themselves a program of practice that kept them too busy to get into much mischief.

There were many high lights during this second year just past to make it better than the first. The mayor and the city playgrounds committee, for one thing, had space for three gridirons in the center of town graded for football, and there, every Saturday morning from nine until one o'clock, ran a three-game circus that brought out good crowds. The movies sent news-reel photographers to Butte to catch the Rotary kid teams in action, the pictures being later shown all over the United States. The final football championship battle was played on Thanksgiving as a preliminary to the state high-school championship game, and consequently was witnessed by five thousand people, many of them from other parts of the state who thus had the chance to see how Butte featured the activities of its youngsters. Basketball filled the "Y" gymnasium for eleven weeks and the championship game drew a couple of thousand young and old fans to watch it. The trophies for hockey and basketball were presented at the annual Rotary Father-and-Son dinner at which Hart Seely, International vice-president of Rotary International and one of the best known workers with boys in Rotary, was the principal speaker.

**A**SUMMARY for the year shows that the Butte Rotary Boys' sports program can point to the following definite results: Baseball, 12 teams, 204 boys played in games, 69 games, 5,500 spectators; football, 14 teams, 356 boys played in games, 58 games, around 12,000 spectators; hockey, 8 teams, 81 boys played in games, 30 games, around 1,400 spectators; basketball, 19 teams, 252 boys played in games, 84 games, approximately 17,500 spectators.

There are other definite results. The people of Butte are noticing a different attitude on the part of the boys in town. The gang leaders have almost without exception been engaged in athletic activities. They find themselves being pointed out with honor by older people instead of being outlaws. Some of them are members of championship teams and they find themselves honored because it takes organization and ability to win a championship. Most of these boys are trying to live up to their honors. They have learned good sportsmanship and certain types of mischief are beneath them. Their influence is against destructiveness that at one

time was common. A few weeks ago, the city probation officer in a public report stated that willful damage to property in Butte had diminished almost beyond belief in the past year, and he gave full credit to the sports program of Rotary, the "Y," the Knights of Columbus, the Exchange Club, the Butte Electric Railway, the city administration, and their helpers for this improved condition.

Individual Rotarians find the boys of the city friendly towards them in a way that is new and pleasing. The lads feel that the men are really interested in boys. The high schools and the independent athletic teams are beginning to get a new impetus from boys already trained to a certain extent in athletics and already broken into the idea of what constitutes good sportsmanship on the field and the floor. Work started with the boys is easy to continue in various ways as they get grown. The boys' programs of the established organizations such as the "Y" have benefited directly from the Rotary leagues. Finally, the cooperation secured with these other organizations has been a good thing for Butte Rotary and for them and promises an expanding care for the boys that will do much to benefit them through activities that train and develop.

Any Rotary Club that has in its city the same problem as had Butte can work out a similar program of boy sport activities if it can secure two or three men who know boys and who can handle them, men who can organize teams for sports and who are not afraid of doing considerable detail work to keep track of boys and teams. The Butte club has been fortunate in having two men such as the "Y" physical director and boys' work secretary to carry the detail work of its plan. The plan also requires some central gymnasium such as may be provided by the public schools in some places or by the "Y" or other organizations in other cities. It takes a little money for trophies, but a much smaller amount of money than the business men may pay for the damages done by uncontrolled gangs. There must also be the time given during the year to the occasions when the boys are publicly honored for their achievements and are presented with their awards. And finally the Rotary Club must have some wish to aid the boys of the town, to give them wholesome activities under good supervision, to teach them ideals of conduct by example rather than by police control, and to make of them better boys and men. Properly thought out, the plan can be adjusted to the conditions of almost any city and can become an instrument of much benefit to Rotary because it is a service to the boys.

## The Quality of Service

(Continued from page 13)

humble peon—nay, worse, did not possess the beauty of soul for expression.

It was early in my association with Rosendo that I first heard him speak the name of Lincoln, pronouncing it almost perfectly, although he knew no English. My astonishment was great, and I questioned him long. And then I discovered that, as with most of the few facts of history which he possessed, his knowledge had received a queer little bias, for he believed Lincoln to have been a negro! And yet he was but projecting his own concept, for his life had been lived among the dark-skinned. Again was it impressed upon me that we do not see our fellow men, but only our thought-concepts of them.

In the days following our departure from Simiti, up over the sinuous Guamoco trail and through the jungle to the treasure-house of mediaeval Spain, my interest in our peon guide waxed continually greater. It was my task to break down the barrier of caste which he erected between us, and I strove to do this by telling him of the marvels of the great North where men were equal. His expanding thought was like a child's in receptivity. I gave him a magazine illustration of a locomotive one day and carefully explained its operation.

"You know, Rosendo," I said, in my effort to illustrate the speed of the engine, "the Simiti trail to Andandodias is eighty miles long."

"Yes, Don Francisco."

"And we were eleven days coming over it."

"Caramba! I shall not soon forget!"

"Well, Rosendo, one of these locomotives would cover that distance of eighty miles in a couple of hours—"

He interrupted with an explosive exclamation. "*Hombre!* Do not tell me that, Don Francisco! It is impossible! *Na, na!*" shaking his head and refusing to listen. Nor could further effort convince him that I was neither in error myself nor attempting to play upon his credulity.

Then came the testing days, when Rosendo taught me his greatest lesson. Ah, those lurid days, when we floundered through bottomless bog, the dark lair of the anaconda and deadly *mapaná*; when the pitiless rains drenched us and the merciless sun scalded our cracking skins with the steam from our reeking garments; days when we white men would not speak to each other, when we quarreled without provocation, when we cursed low and would have struck Rosendo, had not he held our

lives in his hands. I see now that he was silently, patiently teaching us the great fact that real life is a *service*, a fact that he had learned, not from the world, but from looking within.

And during those days of ghastly memory he was never discouraged never despondent nor depressed, but quite the contrary, despite our sour looks and churlish words. Nor did I ever see him angry—only once, when he suspected Simón Avila of purloining a tin of beef, did he appear deeply aggrieved. I, in my hot anger over the petty theft, blustered up to Rosendo and demanded whether any sense of honor was to be found among his people.

"*Senor,*" he answered gently, "I have cared for you as if you were my son, and for your goods as if they were my own."

That was all—but had he felled me with a club I could not have been more deeply smitten. He had led me through the jungle wilderness, borne me on his back across swollen streams, built me shelter, brought me food and raiment, protected me from the avarice of rapacious boatmen—and I had thus grossly insulted him by impeaching the honor of his race!

AGAIN, like Abraham Lincoln, Rosendo's pronounced characteristic was strength in simplicity. He stood like an Inca chieftain, heroic in physique, self-reliant as a bushman, a "quality man" in every sense of the word. Like the pure-bred Indians of the deep interior, he seemed to hold aloof from the white man's civilization, thus keeping himself clean. He had escaped our "culture," saved his soul, and remained wholesome. To lose his self-respect would have been to him life's greatest calamity.

And yet, when we spoke, he obeyed instantly; where we directed, he went on the word, nor hesitated ever at the most menial labor demanded of him. His ancestors were of the proud *Chibcha* stock, yet never did this man refer to his "family tree" or express a fear that his service as our peon might be detrimental to its growth. Even when we raised his wages from thirty to fifty cents a day and made him captain of the peon crew, he manifested no sense of superiority over his fellows, but labored the harder and bore even heavier burdens on his back. "For, *Senor,*" he explained, "the men will work harder if they see me do more than they." Simplicity itself!



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Weeks passed, and whither was he leading us?

"I will take you to gold mines," *Senor*," he kept repeating to our insistent queries. Gold mines, indeed! I was beginning to loathe the words. Could they be worth half this exhausting effort, this immense sacrifice? But day by day Rosendo staggered along the blurred trail, with his black shoulders bent under their burden of nearly a hundred pounds weight, while I followed, wondering incessantly. Once, where the forest was darkest, I saw him stop and make the sign of the cross. When I came up with him he pointed to an object beside the trail. "My wife, *Senor*," he said, in a low tone.

I looked, and beheld a rude, weather-beaten cross, the wood nearly eaten away by *comjejen* ants. And then he told me briefly that, years gone, when journeying through this vast waste, his patient, loyal wife had fallen down here and died, and he had buried her body and erected this wooden symbol of hope above her grave.

I brushed away the tears from my eyes when I knew he could not see me. . . .

And the Panamá incident! It was Christmas Eve in the world without, and we had made our beds on the ground near the singing *Tingui*. Of a sudden Rosendo turned to me.

"Don Francisco," he said, "do you not think it a low deed for a great nation like yours to wrest Panama away from weak people like mine?"

My heart stopped! I had been warned repeatedly before leaving the States that once the natives got me into the jungle they would slay me out of sheer revenge. Had the test come?

For a moment I thought desperately. Then:

"Rosendo," I replied, "it was not the people of the States who did that, but their Government—"

Ah, he understood! And for days afterward I heard him carefully explaining to the *cargadores* that, "Don

Francisco says it was not his people, but his Government."

Was the man ridiculing me? No, he was protecting us by allaying the anger of our men and diverting their thoughts from us to our distant Government at Washington. It was skillfully done!

Then we reached the mines, in the depths of the wilderness, and they were as Rosendo had said. He had kept faith, and for me his work was done. And done in a far, far larger sense than he could ever know. He had led me to—myself.

I left the jungle of Guamoco and have not returned. Instead of gold, I brought from the trackless forest the memory of the man Rosendo. I would have brought him if I could, for he longed to see the great States of the North, of which he had no conception. And yet he felt that he could not adapt himself to the strange, new conditions which he would find there. And so I left him—and his eyes were moist as he clasped my hand for the last time. He went back to serve my companions, who returned to Guamoco. In that service he laid down his life, and I never saw him again.

As I write, the air about me is still filled with tension, and men are watching, with strained sight, the result of the supreme test, voiced by Abraham Lincoln: "Whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." Again a people is pondering the proposition: "That we highly resolve that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom!" Under God—for he saw no other condition under which new birth was possible. Not the god of man-made systems, of pagan superstition, idol-worship, or the Moloch of commercialism! Not the god of the worshippers of force, but that same Spirit of Truth which leavened the deed of Lincoln and Rosendo and, in that "larger sense," set them apart "among you as he that serveth."

## Rotary and Its Founder

(Continued from page 10)

shipper and was soon in the Chesapeake. The boat's destination was Tillbury docks in the Thames about thirty miles from London. Oh, happy day!

Paul then received a promotion. He became a sub-foreman and had charge of a gang. Living conditions were excellent, the voyage was delightful, and in due course Paul and a friend he had made in crossing were in the streets of London gazing at sights which he had longed for years to see. The two young Americans walked the streets from

morn till night, covering great distances. It was a wonderful experience.

In 1911, Paul brought about the organization of the Rotary Club of London. There are now twenty and it is expected that there will soon be a total of thirty Rotary clubs within the city. The original club has the exclusive right to use the name Rotary Club of London. Its offices are located in the Hotel Cecil and its meetings are all held there. It is the rallying point for thousands of American Rotarians



visiting abroad. The best accommodation the founder of the movement could afford on his first visit to London in 1893 was a cheap boarding-house run by A. Leslie on Commercial Road in the Whitechapel district, a locality of exceptional interest to the embryonic sociologist from the other side.

Another enjoyable surprise awaited. The "Michigan" was directed to return via Swansea in South Wales to take on coal and also a cargo of queensware destined for Philadelphia. It happened that the colliers were on a strike when the "Michigan" arrived in Swansea but even that circumstance was turned to good account and the travelers visited many points of interest in Swansea and in the surrounding country.

### The World's Fair and More Journeying

The return voyage was pleasant and on arrival in Philadelphia, Paul immediately took the train for Chicago to visit the World's Fair. He had money enough for train fare and no more. On arrival in Chicago he looked up a college friend whom he knew to be selling tickets at the Fair grounds and became his guest.

During the course of a week he covered the principal sights and had one note-worthy experience. It occurred during a visit to the Vermont building. As he entered the building he was immediately conscious of the presence of two persons, a man and a woman. Neither seemed conscious of his presence; they were inspecting the exhibits. A glance revealed to Paul a rather disconcerting fact; they were his cousins, Ed and Mattie Fox, of Rutland.

Instantly Paul turned on his heel and left the building. The penniless young man was in no position to reveal himself to his relatives.

The Fair having been visited, Paul looked for other worlds to conquer. One city of all other American cities which he had not yet seen was especially alluring; it was New Orleans, differing from other American cities in so many respects. How to get there was the question.

### Paul's Secret of Success

It might be stated at this point that throughout his travels Paul never stole a ride; he either paid his fare or worked his way and he always carried baggage. People have frequently expressed wonder at his ability to land almost immediately on his feet after arrival in strange cities; even men of considerable experience such as roving newspaper men have expressed amazement. Harry Pulliam, for instance, used to call Paul the "wonder man." To men who have sometimes been out of jobs for months at a time in their own

home cities, Paul's experiences would probably seem somewhat miraculous.

The fact that he could do the things he did was more a tribute to the astonishing resources of the country in which he lived than to Paul personally.

The reasons why Paul could accomplish what he did were quite simple.

In the first place, he always made it a point to dress well and to look well-groomed; in the second place, he did not limit himself to any particular class of work. He was always willing to undertake any kind of work, mental or physical, by which he could earn an honest dollar, and finally he always gave full measure of service. It was his aim to give the best he had in him and in case he failed to make good it was because of physical or mental limitations and not because of indifference. His manifest earnestness of purpose frequently resulted in his being transferred from work which he could not do to the advantage of his employer to other work for which he was better adapted.

To get to New Orleans was not difficult. He borrowed fifteen dollars from his college friend, invested ten of the fifteen with a ticket-broker for the return part of a round-trip ticket from Crawley, Louisiana, to Chicago via New Orleans. The ticket was cheap because it was within twenty-four hours of expiration.

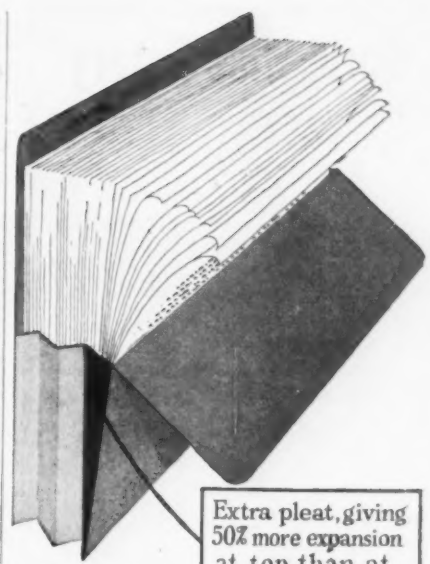
On arrival in New Orleans early one morning, he sold the remaining part of the ticket to a broker for \$1.00.

Astonishing as it may appear, the traveler was able to engage good board and room with a respectable family for four dollars per week and he immediately set siege upon the newspaper offices. Times were unusually slow, especially in the newspaper business and nothing except the privilege of space-writing was available. Before his money was quite spent, however, Paul was fortunate enough to find opportunity to add a new chapter to his story; how interesting and extraordinary the chapter was to prove, he could not have conjectured.

### Picking Oranges

In a want-ad of a daily paper, he read: "Wanted—A dozen men to pick and pack oranges in a grove in Plaquemine parish."

The next day a gang of men, including Paul, crossed the Mississippi river and took the train on a narrow-gauge track for Buras, a township in the delta not far from where the Father of Waters empties into the sea. After a rough ride and a walk of a mile and a half from Buras they arrived at the grove and warehouse of S. Pizatti, the senior member of the well-known Pizatti-Oteri Steamship Company whose boats plied between New Orleans and Bluefields, Nicaragua.



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### The Rotary Wheel

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### Il Rotary

This is the publication of the Rotary clubs in Italy, and for any one reading Italian, this will prove to be a very interesting publication.

### Les Rotary Clubs de France

The publication of the Rotary clubs in the Republic of France and a magazine which will be found very interesting to those who are able to read French.

Many Rotarians have children who as part of their school work are studying French, Spanish or Italian. Why not subscribe for one or more of these publications and have the younger members of the family read it and translate it to you?

### Exchange of International Courtesies!

While THE ROTARIAN is particularly the magazine of the Rotary Clubs in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, there are many Rotarians in all the other 32 countries of Rotary who are subscribers to THE ROTARIAN. It would be a fine international courtesy for many Americans, Canadians or Newfoundlanders to subscribe to these other magazines.

Subscriptions may be sent to International Headquarters whence they will be forwarded to the respective offices of these publications.

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The warehouse was on a high foundation, the floor being level with the top of the dike, thus permitting the trucking of oranges from the warehouse directly across the top of the dike to the wharf whence they were taken by river boat to New Orleans. The oranges in Louisiana are picked and packed while still green on account of fear of early frosts.

The gang began operations at once. Sleeping-quarters had been provided in the warehouse and Pizatti's cook prepared the meals for the laborers in Pizatti's rather substantial dwelling. The old Italian who had become wealthy importing bananas was present most of the time.

The business of picking, packing, boxing, and shipping oranges progressed satisfactorily for some time as it doubtless would have done until the crop was harvested had it not been for a very extraordinary circumstance.

### A Trying Experience

On a Sunday morning, several members of the gang, including Paul, rowed across the Mississippi River to dredge for oysters in a bayou. Returning in the afternoon, they encountered a heavy wind which made the crossing very difficult. The wind storm continued with such force that the men feared that the warehouse standing so high above the ground would be blown down. They therefore sought refuge in the Pizatti house and were admitted.

The storm continued to rage during the early part of the evening, so the men remained in the large kitchen. Frequently the door was opened and an entire family, all dripping wet, would enter. As they were foreigners, their confused and excited words were unintelligible to the men. All of the house soon filled with shouting men and crying women and children. It soon became apparent that they had fled from their homes to take refuge in the staunch house of Pizatti. Then to the amazement of the orange pickers a rush of water came into the house gaining ingress under the doorway. The house was surrounded by water. At this juncture some one raised a shout which sounded above the general hubbub. Men took children in their arms and burst through the door into the night. The women followed. It soon became apparent to all that the one salvation was to reach the high-standing warehouse; the water was more feared than the wind.

Paul and several other orange-pickers took children in arms and plunged out into the night. Paul held in his arms a little girl eight or nine years of age. The water at first was only about knee deep, but the depth increased rapidly as the low ground near the approach to the warehouse was reached. It was

necessary for Paul to constantly raise the child higher and higher in order to keep her out of the water which was not far from his armpits when his foot finally touched the plank incline leading up to the warehouse. There in the light of a lantern were fifty or more men and crying, shrieking women and children. The orange-pickers were young men and not easily upset. Moreover, they were ignorant of what had happened and of what might happen on the Mississippi River.

A young man by the name of Granger from Jacksonville looked down at a frightened woman on her knees sobbing a prayer and seemingly impressed with some untoward sense of the ludicrous, began to laugh. A boxmaker from New Orleans who knew the river turned to Granger and said:

"Don't laugh. Prepare to meet your God."

But the wind which brought the water was blowing toward the river, not from it. On someone's suggestion Paul and others went to work with axes, pickaxes, and crowbars in an effort to cut the dike and let the flood through into the river. It was difficult to stand upon the dike, the wind blew so relentlessly. How the warehouse continued to withstand the storm was a mystery. Another gang tried to build a raft.

To the infinite relief of all when daylight finally broke, the storm subsided. The only dry land in sight was the top of the levee which was covered with walking, creeping, and crawling things; horses, cows, hogs, hens, birds, and no end of squirming, writhing, deadly moccasin snakes.

The only home remaining standing was Pizatti's and the place of refuge, the warehouse. Fortunately some builder had done his work honestly and well.

The waters round about were strewn with wreckage of houses and with green thorn-pricked oranges, but the strangest of all sights was a three-masted schooner standing where but yesterday had been dry land.

The newspapers described the great coast storm of 1893 which swept one island clear of every human being and devastated an area of hundreds of square miles, as a tidal wave. It was said that at Bayou Cook alone, eight hundred lives were lost. In Buras township the loss of life was tremendous.

In an incredibly brief period relief boats came down the river from New Orleans and the survivors were given every possible aid.

These coast storms are not at all frequent, so it seems as if it must have been by interposition of Divine Providence that he who was so interested in

adventure should happen to have been present at that particular time.

The writer wishes he had the power to adequately describe this storm that descended so suddenly upon the Lower Mississippi. Although years have elapsed, the suffering and horror of that night still remain.

Times were hard in New Orleans and moreover the avidity of the traveler's longings had been somewhat appeased. But new adventure beckoned.

### Finishing the Five-Year Period

Paul knew that his old position in Jacksonville was still open to him and that George Clark would be glad to give him territory over which he had never traveled before. The result of such reflection was a return to the post which he had found so favorable before.

It will be remembered that Paul left Jacksonville early in March. He returned the first of October. In seven-months' time he had visited Washington, Louisville, Norfolk, several small cities in the old South, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans and sandwiched in a couple of Atlantic voyages for good measure. It goes without saying that this was by far the most active part of the five-year period which Paul had allotted for adventure and for observing life.

Henceforth, Paul had a second purpose to serve, that of saving up money for future needs. With his two purposes in mind he traveled for George Clark for an entire year, seldom, however, covering the same ground twice, it being understood between the chief and his salesman that the continuation of the engagement depended upon the supply of new territory. It was rather a remarkable arrangement and the profits from sales were not by any means large. When this fact was commented upon by Paul one day, George answered: "I figure that it pays me to keep you on the road even if there are no profits at all. The impression you create in the minds of the trade throughout the South does the business enough good to justify all of the expense."

While George Clark from preference continued to live in Jacksonville, he had an office in New York City and did business in every State in the Union. He is a remarkable example of the self-made man.

During the year, Paul covered the Southern States, Cuba, and the Bahama Islands. His visits at the home of the Clarks in Jacksonville were truly high times. The employer and his salesman were the most intimate of chums; in fact, they so enjoyed each other's companionship that very frequently they sat up until the wee small hours of the morning discussing every manner of question. How Mrs. Clark ever put

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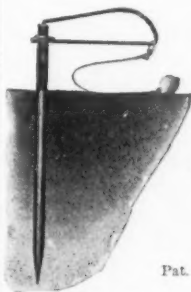
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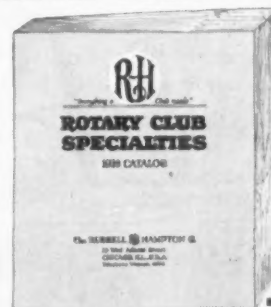
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up with such interferences to an orderly household is hard to understand, and yet most of the time there were three in the party—George, Gertrude, and Paul! The writer is glad to be able to say that the friendship between the three has never abated; that it is now just as cordial and warm as it was more than thirty years ago.

### A Post-Graduate Trip to Europe

As the twelve-months' period was drawing to a close, Paul notified George of his intended departure. George answered: "Is there nowhere else you care to go?" Paul answered: "Yes, there is one more place, but I doubt very much your caring to send me."

"Where is it?" inquired George.

"Europe," said Paul.

Two weeks later the wanderer was once again on high seas, under orders of his employer-chum, to visit the granite-producing regions of Scotland, and the marble-producing regions of Ireland, Belgium, and Italy for the purpose of revising arrangements for buying the products of foreign quarries.

The writer could enjoyably consume a great deal of space in the relation of the wonderful months spent in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Holland and of the friends he made.

Mention will be made of two new friends only, Frank Watts of London, who later became a member of the London Rotary Club, and S. A. McFarland of Carrara, Italy.

Paul was a visitor in the home of the latter and was the recipient of courtesies little to be expected of comparative strangers. He was introduced to many fine English, American, and Italian people residing in the little art center located in the mountains of Northern Italy and he enjoyed many wonderful drives about the country.

How friendly Mr. and Mrs. McFarland were is shown by a little incident which occurred near the end of the visit. The McFarlands knew it to be Paul's intention to return by the shortest available route. They thought it a great mistake and urged him to continue his travels. Finally, Mr. McFarland said, "Paul, I don't want to be impertinent but is the lack of money limiting your travels?" Being thus driven into a corner, Paul admitted it. "Well," said Mr. McFarland "Mrs. McFarland has been insisting that I find out. The point is we don't want you to go back to America without first seeing Piza, Leghorn, Rome, Florence, Venice, and Vienna. We don't care where you go after that. The money is waiting for you and you can repay us after you get home." Paul accepted the loan in a spirit of profound gratitude and it wasn't long before it was repaid.

After completing his travels he re-

turned to America with a broader perspective and with increased faith in the ultimate brotherhood of man.

### Begins Life Work

Before Paul arrived again in New York he had begun to make plans for his future life in Chicago. Three and one-half years of his allotted time had passed, a wonderful three and one-half years. The realization of the need of money lured him again to Jacksonville where he joined George Clark in a subdividing and building project George then had in hand.

Six very enjoyable months were spent in the undertaking and once again they came to the parting. George had offered Paul a partnership in his business and every inducement within his power but Paul was going to Chicago to practice law pursuant to his life's plan and with the wishes of his first and greatest benefactor, his grandfather, in mind.

George among other things said: "Whatever the advantages of settling in Chicago may be, I am satisfied that you will make more money if you remain with me." To which Paul answered: "I am sure you are right but I am not going to Chicago for the purpose of making money; I am going for the purpose of living a life."

At times George doubted or professed to doubt Paul's ability to settle down but Paul had no fears in that regard; his plans had been made. A few months still remained. Paul knew little of New York and desired to learn something of the great Eastern metropolis before settling in Chicago. George made one more manifestation of his friendship by recalling his New York manager to Jacksonville and putting Paul in temporary charge in New York.

On the twenty-seventh day of February, 1896, four months before the expiration of his allotted five years, Paul arrived in the city of Chicago prepared to take up his life's work.

The vision of a world-wide fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service had not yet come; there were experiences of a different nature yet to be had, but a wonderful foundation had been laid; he had seen life in some of its worst as well as in some of its best conditions. It was a far cry from the peace of the idealistic home in the beautiful New England mountains to the turbulence of Whitechapel, London, or to the human maelstrom which burst its bounds on the occasion of the Haymarket riots in Chicago. Is it any wonder that a young man of impressionable mind who had found so much of good in the midst of evil, who had found so much friendliness in places which might have been barren, who had such reason for faith and confidence in business men, was receptive

to the ideal of a fellowship of business and professional men? Or that once having realized the ideal he was eager to send it around the world?

### Looking Backward

Is there anything to learn from a life such as that herein unfolded? Is there a lesson for fathers or for young men whose experiences are yet to come?

As the writer glances back over the period of nearly a half century, he thinks he can see that many a round-about route might have been advantageously shortened; that the given amount of energy might have produced far better results.

The reader must bear in mind that circumstances deprived Paul of the beneficial influence of his natural guardian, his father. His grandfather did everything which could have been expected of him and more—and yet, he was grandfather, not father. Grandfather was sixty-five years of age and grandmother fifty-four when they began to raise their second family.

It's a long road from three to sixty-five. Grandparents are prone to be indulgent with their grandchildren and they seldom have the moral force to successfully and continually resist the impetuosity of youth.

Those who come into parenthood comparatively early are frequently more fortunate than they can appreciate. Of all the influences that go to shape life's course, none are comparable with parental influences, assuming that the parents appreciate their responsibilities. Early parenthood is far more likely to result in the priceless boon of companionship between father and son, mother and daughter, than late parenthood. The parents are young and vigorous and not too far removed from the viewpoints of their children. Fortunate is that boy whose father is still young enough to be a hero in son's eyes; unfortunate is he whose father is so far removed in point of years that the father seems of another age.

After many long years of observation, the writer has reached the conclusion that it is almost an invariable rule that children who have the close companionship of their parents render a good account of themselves in after life. I believe that this holds true regardless of almost every other consideration. It matters not whether they are raised in high life or low life, in poverty or affluence, city or country, with educational privileges or without them; if Dad is a pal to son and if mother is the confidante of daughter, all will be well.

It will be apparent to all who have read this narrative, that Paul became his own master at an unwarranted age. At the critical period when he needed a kindly but firm hand and a curb bit,

he was racing wild and free over the hills and mountains.

Splendid educational advantages were given him but he placed little value upon them. It is natural to appreciate least the advantages most easily gained. If it had been necessary for Paul to earn by the sweat of his brow the money to pay for his education he would have understood the cost and appraised it accordingly.

As matters were, Black River Academy, Vermont Academy, the University of Vermont, Princeton and the University of Iowa were links merely in the long chain of events called life. He needed discipline but he did not receive it. The one thing he did gain was experience; he found it in college and he found it in even more abundant measure in after life. Experience is a slow but certain teacher. Frequently, after men have turned their backs on every other opportunity of gaining wisdom, they gain it through toiling over the stony, tortuous, uphill pathway of experience.

Paul eventually learned that he could get no more out of life than he put into it; but he did not need to go to college to find that out; neither was it necessary to flounder about so much; his grandfather would have been glad to have told him all this, during those hot summer afternoons in the barn.

He did undoubtedly benefit from adversity. He learned what it meant to be cold, hungry, and sick among strangers; what it meant to depend entirely upon his own resources. He was under no temptation to appeal to his own parents in times of trouble because he had never learned to depend upon them. On the contrary, it had always remained for him to help them in their times of trouble.

After the hardships encountered on the plains, in the mountains and on the sea, the trials incident to getting a foothold in Chicago seemed trifling.

One thing was certain: that the five years of knock-about experiences broadened Paul's vision and gave him a better understanding of men.

Life settled down in earnest during the early spring of 1896. Wanderings were over; the days of romantic speculation had passed; nothing except the prosaic remained and yet as the train from New York pulled into Chicago, into the city which was to be his permanent home, Paul did speculate somewhat on the future. Would he be able to achieve success? What of his condition fifteen years hence? If he were then to visit his old home town, would he be considered a success or a failure?

This is the second of the series of autobiographical articles by President Emeritus Paul F. Harris. The third will appear in the next number and will describe his interesting experiences in getting a business foothold in Chicago. —The Editors.

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## From Museum to You

*(Continued from page 24)*

facilities are used constantly, indefinitely.

How then does the designer go to work on a given problem? How does he orient himself with reference to current demand or market, while still clinging to the sturdy trunk of that tree of design whose growth he must nurture?

We may quote one philosopher to the effect that there is nothing new under the sun, and another that each turning blade of humble grass is the newest thing under the sun. They agree, to be sure, as soon as we discover that one refers to principles, the other to details. The screw of Archimedes was nothing more than the application of a principle; so is the modern steam turbine. Throwing them together and evolving a theory, we can agree with the first of our philosophies; considering them separately as inventions, we must hold with the other.

While the modern designer for the industrial arts may have but hazy notions of Aristotle and Lucretius, and Archimedes may figure in his mind as the inventor of the steam turbine, he brooks no such uncertainties with regard to the materials at his command, the means for their manipulation, and the market he must serve. It is the motive alone which is the real problem for the practised designer.

It is here that he also discovers, perhaps unconsciously, that his newest ideas are old, while the oldest forms may hold, for his task at the moment, an alluring novelty. When the designer's findings in this direction have taken their place among the axioms of his professional life, his progress is easier. For he will then have learned that to cherish the work of his masters of past times means that he must use them for study, not for imitation, except in so far as he may imitate them in practice for himself, believing, with the modern psychologist, that *corrected practice makes perfect*. And, further, he will have learned that a thousand variants of a pattern, though derived from but one flower, may offer a thousand novelties, while still subscribing to the same world-old principles of pattern construction or organic growth.

With such precepts to guide him, the capable designer comes to the Museum as he would go to a library, or even as he would go to nature. He is both fortified and controlled by the machines and other tools that execute his design; he is commanded by his market, which means the collective public

expression of a desire for design of a certain type specified through a number of channels, such as the periodicals, the politics of the moment, an outstanding discovery like that in Egypt, and the requirements of the distributors or outlets for the finished material, namely, the stores and their buyers.

The design he seeks is to him an indefinite thing in most cases; it represents a trend of gathering emphasis, it is smoke rather than fire. Yet somehow, guided by the pulse of time, the fever of interest, the color of opinion of both merchant and manufacturer, whose ends the designer seeks to meet, he can arrive at a diagnosis which in the generality of instances is right—or with skill can be made so.

It is logical that under such conditions the designer should seek aid on the basis of facts, meaning, in this case, the interpretations arrived at by other designers when trying to satisfy the demands of their own time. Not that their solutions should for him be immediately available, but rather that they should lend the inspiration of example. Like them he is working within inexorable requirements. The craftsman of old was no more a free agent than is he, and in both cases success depends upon the nice adjustment of fine, new designs to an ill-defined public demand. The differences occur not so much in the reasoning to be followed as in the details of execution or of selling, or in the insistent call of a special interest.

FOR instance, there may be a steady trend toward French feeling in design, or toward Oriental motives. Designers sense it and anticipate it; there may be materials actually in work, being made ready to put on the market at the time when mercantile prescience predicts that this trend will take the form of ready response to motives expressing it. Suddenly is announced a discovery of fabulous artistic worth on the other side of the globe; a king hitherto but a name in Egyptian archaeology arrives upon the front page of the morning paper. There is an immediate wave of popular interest in all things Egyptian. French and Oriental influences are swamped in the tidal wave of Egyptian. The designer must about face; whatever he may have in work is for the moment valueless; Egyptian becomes the order of the day. Like any other sudden rush, this vogue, too, generates a momentum so great as to destroy its equilibrium. Yet the designer has no alternative. That is the call of the market.

To be sure, Egyptian things had



been made in many industries before the aureole came, but there was no stimulus to public interest to make the demand general. Yet seen in perspective this vogue can fill no more than a second of history; it will not leave an indelible impress upon our artistic progress; it cannot express our real character as a nation. What can we gain from it? Of what good will it be to the designer? We learn more about the Egypt of old and the splendid artistry of her craftsmen; we add an Egyptian side to our interest in history; and the designer finds in Egyptian types of design new expressions of those same principles that so often seem inadequate to his mundane needs or to have lost fertility, when really just such a prod was needed as these discoveries gave him.

These are but reflections along the way, yet they indicate the designer's point of view in his use of the Museum. If he copies, he is lost and the Museum is the first to tell him so. If he studies the best results of his predecessors, he is of the coming kingdom; if with incompetent enthusiasm he rushes forth into fields untrod and flings tradition to the winds, he may be a genius, but more probably he will be a fiasco. Design, like other human efforts, succeeds when it masters adversity. Adversity here is the process of production, the limitations of material, the idiosyncrasy of public demand, the ignorance, gradually waning, of both middleman and consumer. Too many have believed that art thrives best when the artist is unfettered. No doubt, but the standards it achieves in this way must for us in great measure be false. The designer of industrial art, whatever his present shortcomings in the light of theoretics, sets a saner standard, because it is akin to the life he expresses. Let us judge him in this light, remembering that he is meeting our demands, which may be no more than a moment's fancy, and he will not always seem incompetent.

SEE his results, in terms of these findings, for instance in two of the illustrations herewith (Page 23). Here are two fabrics produced at the same time in unrelated factories, but under requirements from the same selling control. One is a silk damask, the other cretonne; one woven, the other printed. They are the work of different designers. Yet both were developed on the basis of study of the collection of engravings of ornament by Pillement in the Print Room of the Museum.

These materials became possible because of a trend in public buying to meet which the Pillement engravings offered distinct advantages. The results

are interesting to us here not only because of this phase of the designer's effort, but also because of the lines followed by the ideas he used from Pillement to the modern fabric. The cretonne, produced by a printing process, quite closely recalls certain floral motives left us by the French designer in his prints, produced by a similar process. Yet the details of production are in no way identical in method, nor was the purpose of the design the same from the standpoint of its use. The materials, of course, were entirely different. Add to this the comparative picture of the engraver at work by himself without regard to the ultimate application of his design, and the modern designer at work at the Museum finding in the engravings motives adaptable or usable in a mass-produced curtain material to satisfy unknown consumers thousands of miles away.

Compare now the other fabric, the damask, with the cretonne. Here the technique of weaving, represented in this instance by the most complicated mechanism to be found in the industrial arts today, has made certain demands upon the designer which the printed goods avoided. He now deals with a pattern obtained by the interweaving of threads of different materials, or of different colors, or of both. The whole design is made in one journey through the loom. In the cretonne the whole pattern was accomplished by one journey through the printing machine, but each color appearing in it actually meant in detail a separate printing of the goods. While the cretonne closely resembles the originals though not in any sense duplicating them, the damask bears no such resemblance at all. To be sure, modern weaving processes could easily have duplicated the Pillement pattern in its finest details. The point is that the designer did contribute his own spirit and ability to his findings—wherein lies the whole secret of Museum use by the industries.

Originality does not mean novelty, except in a derivative sense. At the same time the fabrics we illustrate do contribute originality, without loss of novelty and without loss of design; it is that originality which recognizes the past and advances on the basis of its findings, without imitation. Each of our other illustrations offers a similar story; each is a brief contemporary chapter in the romance of design in industrial art. And in each the Museum has been the help-meet of American industry, a silent partner in business.



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## Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

THIS magazine with its international audience of business and professional men is very frequently a medium of direct service between people and nations, oftentimes on opposite sides of the world. The other day the mail brought a letter from Adelaide, South Australia. The writer was Rotarian Edward C. Vardon, member of the South Australian Parliament.

"I have read the article on 'The 4-H Clubs' in the March number of THE ROTARIAN," he said, "and I am very much impressed with the idea. We have in South Australia a Central Agricultural Bureau with branches all over the State, a body which could easily foster the 4-H idea. The results achieved by the clubs in America are remarkable, and if we can adopt the scheme in this State, I am sure it will be an immense advantage."

It may be that the scheme will be found feasible in South Australia, and that Australian youngsters will have these rural clubs which are performing such splendid service. The incident proves that you never can tell where publicity ends.

\* \* \*

Another letter particularly gratifying was one that brought a copy of a resolution passed by (we hope unanimously) the Rotary Club of Washington, D. C.:

"The Washington Rotary Club is pleased to record its commendation of the manner in which the ideals of Rotary are being constantly set forth and exemplified in every number of our official publication, 'THE ROTARIAN.' We are especially gratified at the cleanness of the advertising matter. We know that there is constant temptation to accept questionable advertisements because of the large revenue to be secured by so doing. Notwithstanding this, a careful examination of the pages of our official journal shows them quite free from all those misleading and mendacious advertisements of medical cure-alls and get-rich-quick schemes which are a disgrace to many otherwise high-class publications.

"It is therefore resolved that the Washington Rotary Club heartily commends the editor and publishers of 'THE ROTARIAN' for their advanced stand in the matter, and that we urge a continuation of the policy of carefully scrutinizing every proffered advertisement so that 'THE ROTARIAN' may continue to be free from everything that has even a suggestion of charlatanism and may thus in its advertising pages, as well as in its special articles and editorials continue to uphold the high ideals of Rotary."

\* \* \*

### Who's Who—Among Our Contributors

Paul P. Harris, president emeritus of Rotary, gives another instalment of his autobiography. This time he tells of the five eventful years between college and his arrival in Chicago, which period he devoted to studying life on

land and sea. Orange picking in California, news writing at space rates, two trips on Atlantic cattle boats, camping in the mountains, were a few of the things he did at this time.

Strickland Gillilan, of Baltimore, turned to the newspapers after leaving Ohio State University. Since then he has published collections of humorous stories and verse, lectured, and done much free-lance writing. "This Business of Being a Father" gives more of his views on family life.

Charles Francis Stocking, of Freeport, Ill., has traveled much as an engineer and again as a lecturer. "The Quality of Service" tells the story of a native guide in the Colombian jungles, and of the character which he displayed under trying circumstances.

Bernice Brown was born in Iowa, spent part of her childhood in Duluth, Minn., and then traveled to the eastern states in search of knowledge. She was an editor of the Wells College Chronicle and has contributed to leading magazines. "Burton" is a study in comparative values.

J. Frank Davis is a former editor of the Boston Traveler now living in Texas. He has produced fifteen novels and more than a hundred short stories. Most of the latter have a humorous twist such as is found in "This Puddle Complex."

Ethel Ross Peyser, of New York City, studied at Vassar, Barnard, and Teachers College and took her B.Sc. at Columbia. She has edited the domestic-science sections of various newspapers and periodicals, and contributed verse or prose to others. Such articles as "If Music Be the Food of Love" reveal another of her major interests.

Charles St. John has been on the staff of The Rotarian for four years, and this time he describes the Sesqui-Centennial. If pet quotations prove anything, here is one from Syrus always found on his desk: "Non quam multis placeas, sed qualibus stude."

L. E. Robinson, professor of English at Monmouth College, Ill., gives another series of reviews. In "A Variety of Books" you may find some suggestions for that vacation reading.

Russell V. Williams is an assistant secretary at the Chicago office of Rotary International. His article, "Using the Rotary Telescope" is the result of a decision by the Board of Directors in regard to Rotary club committees on the Sixth Object of Rotary.

John P. Mullen is assistant educational director of the Bankers Association of America. In that capacity he saves many from the tricks of the blue-sky promoters. This month he tells of the things to look for when buying industrial securities.

Richard F. Bach is an executive of the industrial arts department of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. His article "From the Museum to You" explains how the museum influences your choice of ties, wall-paper, curtains, china or other things in which design is an important factor.

Walter T. Scott is a professor and director of student activities at the School of Mines of Montana State University. His article, "The Gang Finds Itself" tells how Butte got athletes in place of gangsters.

Richard D. Hebb has much to do with the public relations and welfare work of Swift & Company, packers of Chicago. His studies have made him an authority on such work, and he tells you some of his conclusions in "They Talked It Over."

B. D. Chilson is engaged in newspaper publishing at Hilo. "Keeping Up With Mauna Loa" explains the feverish activity in newspaper circles when a volcano gets excited and thereby permits a "scoop." Incidentally this article corrects a few popular misconceptions.

George Armitage, executive secretary of the tourist bureau at Honolulu tells of the Pan-Pacific conference of Rotarians. "Pacific Spells Peace" is more than a play on words—it describes a real effort on behalf of peace.



**I**N May, 1926, the Latrobe (Pennsylvania) Hospital asked its community for "\$75,000 in one week" to provide a nurses' home. The campaign ended in four days with a final subscription of more than \$100,000. Ketchum Publicity, Inc., directed the appeal.

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- c—One for \$350,000 for another hospital in a county-wide campaign.
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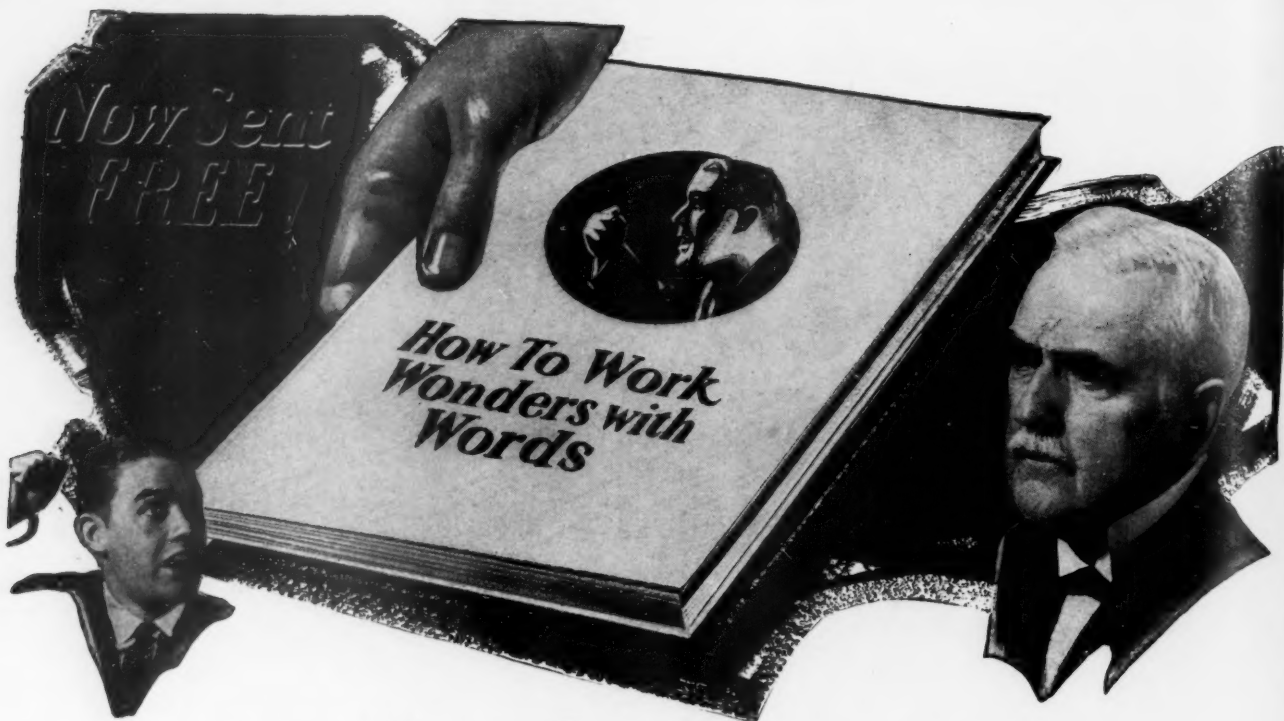
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